Fit "TripleX" -and be safe WOLSELEY do




# THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVII No. 2056 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 17 1939



# DINNEFORD'S

## pure fluid MAGNESIA

## *for Delicate Stomachs*

BLAND • SAFE • EFFECTIVE

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN TABLET FORM

For over 100 years Dinneford's has been the safest and most reliable corrective for all digestive disturbances to which those with delicate stomachs are prone. It is so bland that it has never harmed the most delicate infant and yet so effective that there is nothing better for adults.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

# DE RESZKE —*of course!*

Drink More Fruit—

**Presta**

**ORANGINA**

SPARKLING ORANGE

*—Try it now!*

The APOLLINARIS Co., Ltd.

**Grant's Scotch Whisky**

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

# Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

When you are dining out ask for Drambuie. You will enjoy its exquisite flavour and intriguing bouquet.

# Schweppes

"MALVERN"

THE BRITISH NATURAL WATER FROM COLWALL SPRINGS, Nr. MALVERN

*Supplied in sealed bottles for storage purposes*

# PADDY

OLD IRISH WHISKY

*London Agents (Gt. Britain)* Coverdale & Co. Ltd., 5, Mark Lane, E.C.3.

## SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

*Prices from* **4 gns.**

**THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1**

# This is the perfect pair

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1928 TO 1936

The purest gin blended with the juices of the finest oranges and lemons makes the perfect pair!

You will find Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin exhilarating as a cocktail, refreshing as a long drink.

# Gordon's

## ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN

● Have you tried 3 parts Gordon's Orange Gin to 1 part Lime Juice Cordial? It's delicious.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

*The largest gin distillers in the world*



# HOLLAND

## and the ISLE OF WALCHEREN

*A land of enchanting quaintness*

Charming old-world towns; attractive seaside resorts; beautiful landscapes; quaint costumes and customs . . . Visit this picturesque country. It costs so little to see so much.

**CHEAPER HOLIDAYS**

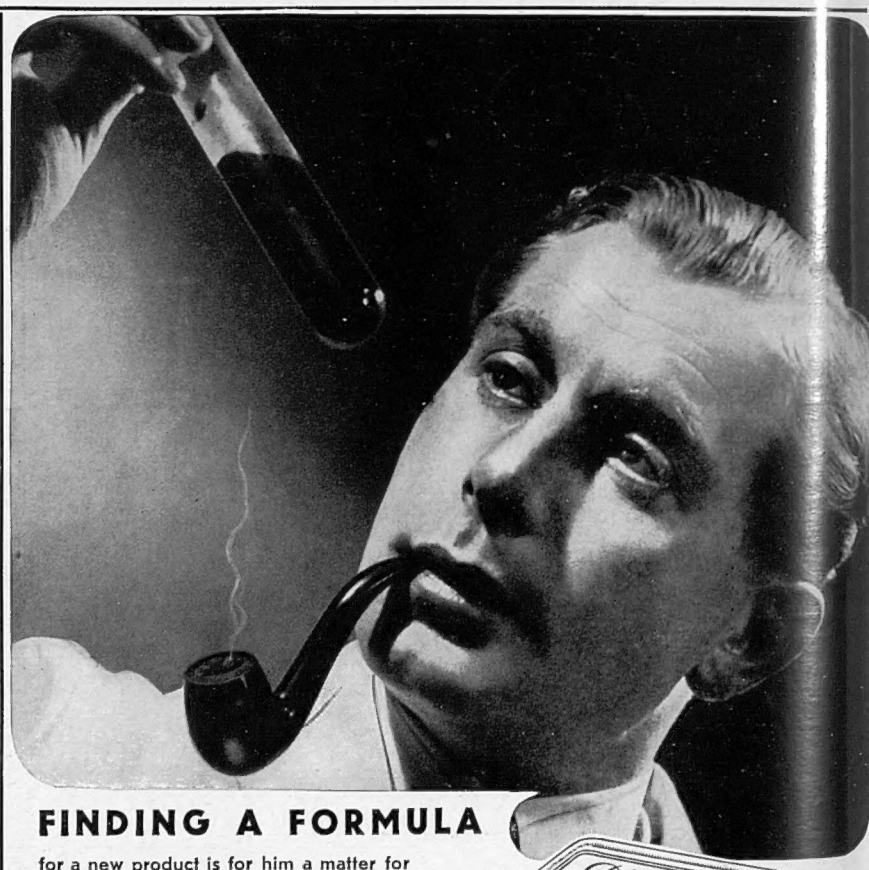
**with the aid of reduced fare facilities via Harwich, moderate hotel prices and 8-day Season Tickets permitting unlimited travel over 2,000 miles of railway.**

*Full particulars from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71 Regent Street, W.1; Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London) Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78 Moorgate, E.C.2; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices & Agencies*

# VIA HARWICH

FLUSHING — ZEELAND DAY LINE • THE HOOK — L·N·E·R NIGHT ROUTE





## FINDING A FORMULA

for a new product is for him a matter for ceaseless experiment and research. He demands practical proof and demonstration in all things — even to his tobacco. And in "NO NAME"—that dependable blend—he has discovered a tobacco which measures up to the exacting requirements of the most discriminating smoker.

For those who prefer a coarser cut— *"No Name"* BROAD CUT. The prices are the same.

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N.39.8.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 17, 1939

# ASCOT WITHOUT THE KING AND QUEEN

## The Field Thundering Past the Stands During the Race for the Ascot Stakes

Ascot, the greatest social and sporting event of the year, was, in the absence of the King and Queen in Canada, necessarily robbed of a little of its glamour and of the pageantry of the Royal procession along the course. Even so, however, Ascot for four days outshines everything. There is no other meeting where so many outstanding horses appear or where such a distinguished gathering assembles to watch them race. The Royal Hunt Cup, the Ascot Stakes, the Gold Cup, and numerous other events worth £1,000 or more, provide entertainment that cannot fail to thrill even those who are more interested in clothes than in thoroughbreds. This indeed is the high-water mark of the racing year; here, too, fashion is at its zenith, and the world sees how, letting phantasy run riot, Mayfair's milliners have vied in search of the spectacular. On the opening day cold weather affected the attendance, but the racing was of a high standard and the only regret was that the King's horse, Great Truth, did not give everyone a chance to acclaim a Royal victory

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

IT WAS CERTAINLY NOT THE WEATHER FOR BEARSKINS and it was perhaps just as well that the sentry could not see the coolly clad youngsters who came to watch Royalty on its way to the Horse Guards Parade for the Trooping the Colour ceremony. A picture of the parade will be found on page 485

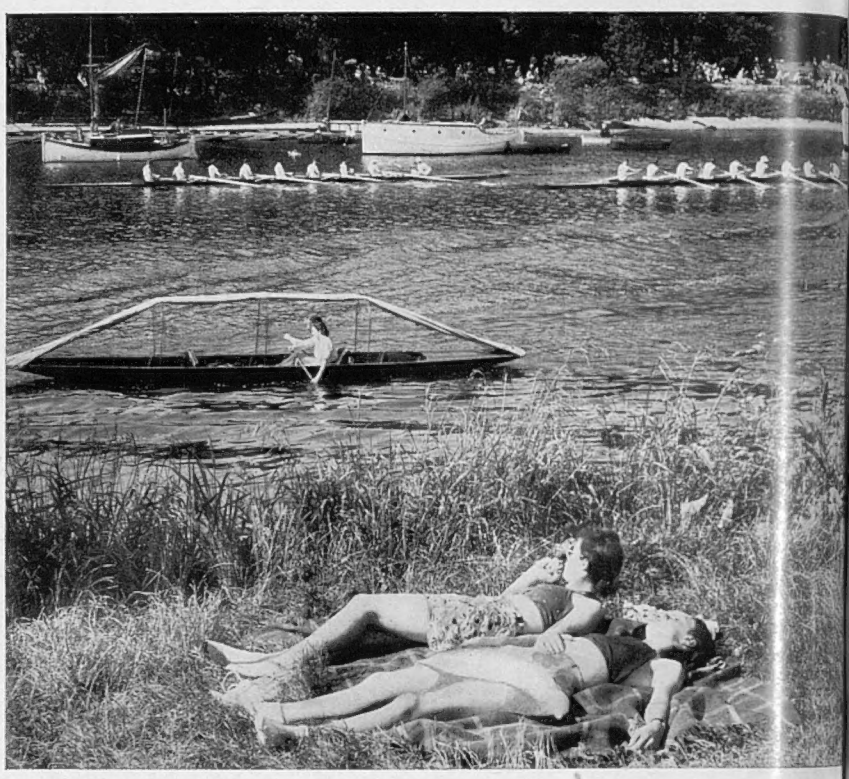
# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 14, 1939.

**WELCOME HOME.**—Before another issue of THE SPHERE is on the bookstalls, we shall have welcomed home the King and Queen. That welcome will adequately signify our appreciation of the success of their historic tour. That success we never doubted. Our welcome, too, will be a tribute to the tremendous strain which the King and Queen have borne cheerfully. It was a strain made tolerable by the universal good fellowship and affection, respect and admiration, shown to them wherever they went. It was a personal tribute and a personal triumph. For a hundred years we have been blessed with sovereigns who exactly suited the conditions under which they reigned. In their different ways they have given up their lives to the great trust imposed on them. They have fitted themselves to the times they lived in. The King, his father and his grandfather, each and all have stood for peace, goodwill, understanding among nations. Each and all employed the inestimable virtues of courtesy, sympathy, friendliness and tact. Each found the way to the hearts of men of every class and race by these virtues, breaking down the artificial barriers of class and creed while maintaining the essential dignity and mystery of their high office. And each was blessed with a Queen whose life was above reproach and whose charm and sympathy won the hearts of her generation. These are among our blessings, this historical fact an asset we cannot overrate, affording a lesson Europe should not neglect to profit by. True, not all the heads of states are so impregnably established as to-day, in the integrity of their lives, is our ruling House. But the first and last lesson we derive from the great tour of Canada and the visit to the U.S.A. is the supreme value of courtesy between nation and nation expressed in the relations between their leaders. Civilisation is sick from, as it is sick of, ill-manners, insults, threats, boost and braggadocio. We have enjoyed a *mi-carême* of decency and good manners, and the world is a sweeter place. At the end of it we fall back on the stored wisdom of human experience: Good manners and "the grand old name of gentleman" are more than sweeteners of social life. They are political assets.

MISSION TO MOSCOW: Mr. William Strang, chief of the Central Department of the Foreign Office, who left London last Monday in order to assist the British Ambassador in his task of reaching agreement with Russia in the matter of the pact for mutual assistance. He is the bearer of the Cabinet's latest decisions

**THE APOSTLE OF HATE.**—"I know Hitler's mind better than most," said Dr. Schacht speaking in India. "He asks nothing better than to be friends with England and to increase trade between the two countries. There will be no war." I read this cheering news last week in my morning paper. A few hours later, in my evening paper, I read: "Britain is a country accustomed to stealing colonies." Herr Hitler was addressing the German Legion newly returned from their glorious victories in Spain. "Thieves, liars, encirclers," and so on. The dreary catalogue of hates was vamped out in the time-dishonoured manner. Is Dr. Schacht right, then? The odd thing is, that it doesn't follow he is wrong. We have come to accept the principle that a dictator government can only hold its people together with a cement of hate, and it follows that your dictator must be a more or less universal yes-man. If he has innate dignity and statesmanship, he must play the mountebank, and even if he seek to ensue peace, he must preach hate and war. For there is no place for a totalitarian state and a dictator in times of international security. Without the cement of hate and fear it disintegrates and he slips down. For still in their secret hearts men who have lost their freedom sigh for what they have lost and still they value highly the qualities of honour and dignity in leadership. Who would be a dictator, if in his heart he, too, value the qualities which make a man respected as a "gentleman," in the best sense of that abused term, from whatever class he has sprung and by people of every class and race? It was hard to believe that the same voice which dictated words of courteous sympathy in the *Thetis* disaster shouted those sorry insults to a neighbour state in the same breath.



WHILE RIVAL CREWS FOUGHT OUT A GRUELLING FINISH these two river girls at Richmond and Twickenham Regatta last Saturday found it too hot to take any real interest in the proceedings. It was the last day of the drought, for on Sunday there was a big rainfall

**ARISE, SIR MAX.**—Convention requires that I should make a selection from the Birthday Honours List. I will pass over the new barons and baronets, five of each, with a guilty feeling that I ought to know more about them and their political and public services. My own friends and contemporaries in the list I shall privately congratulate. I shall star Max Beerbohm, who represents literature. He does indeed. I have all his works on my shelf and they don't take up much room. He has in very truth adorned literature and added to its laurels. He was a godsent essayist and his little books are the perfection of the essayist's art which, by and large, is not a paying proposition. On page 137 of his little volume *More* is an essay entitled "Arise, Sir . . ." It begins: "Knighthood is a cheap commodity in these days. It is modern Royalty's substitute for largesse, and it is scattered broadcast. Though all sneer at it, there are few whose hands would not gladly grasp the dingy patent. After all, a title is still a title." Max B. foresaw a day when a knighthood might become one of the lighter punishments of the Law. "Forty shillings or a knighthood." A man is never to be judged by the opinions he expressed in his youth, not even a humorist who has pilloried his contemporaries in an inimitable series of caricatures called "Old Self and Young Self." He was writing in the '90's and the shower of honours has been much curtailed since those days. I am always glad when literature is occasionally remembered in it, especially so when merit and not material success is the criterion. And if you read Max's essay "Arise, Sir . . .", you will see that in accepting to-day a knighthood for himself, he is not making a nonsense of his frank opinions expressed in 1899. For he is not and never was one of "the new class of writers come on the wave of popular education" who covet honours. He has gone his own way, written for art's sake, and he may arise Sir Max without being called on to eat his words.

**SIR PHILIP SASSOON.**—In a tribute to his friend, Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir Samuel Hoare (as it seemed

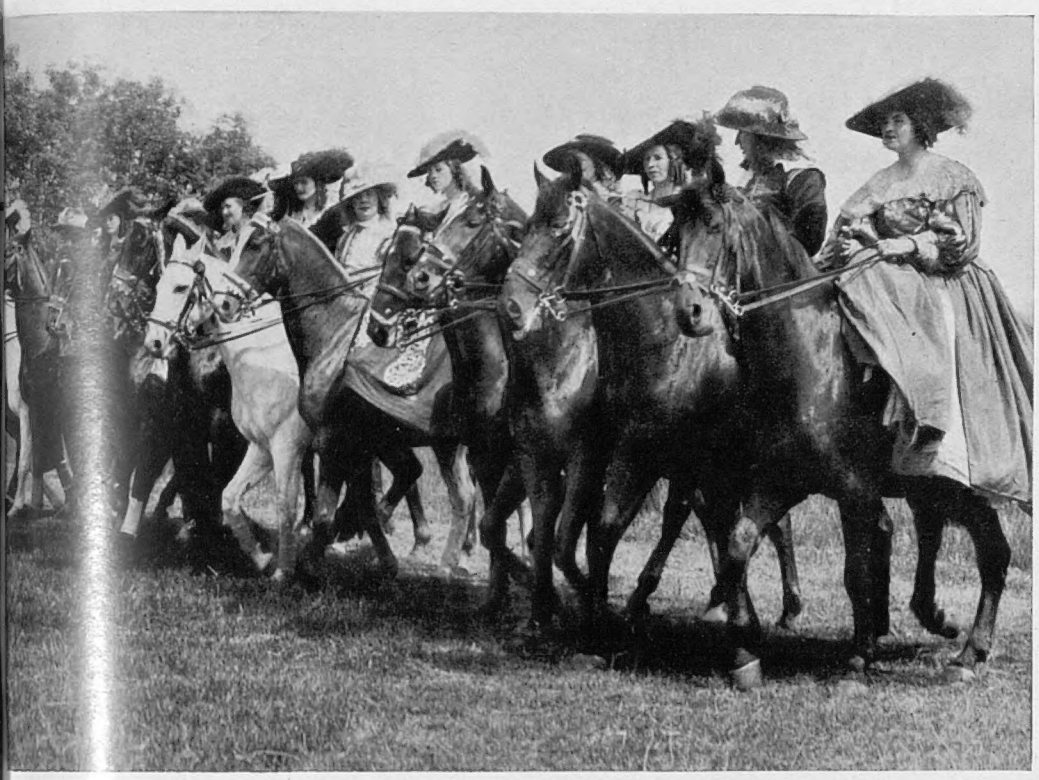
to me) put up Aunt Sallies (which he called popular misconceptions) in order to demolish them one by one. Few people, it is true, knew Sir Philip well but I never heard anybody voice the opinion that he was an "ostentatious millionaire obsessed with social and political ambition." Most people to whom his name was familiar credited him indeed with that sensitiveness and diffidence which were at once his handicap and charm (to his friends). The British public is, sometimes with justice, belaboured for its lack of sensibility, but it is not quite so primitive and crude as to suppose that the enjoyment of great wealth and an environment of luxury, the mere possession of three great houses furnished with the best that money and good taste can supply, are in themselves a *raison d'être*, or that there is sustained pleasure in ostentation or a full and coloured life to be derived from vaulting political ambition never to be satisfied. Sir Samuel is for ever translating the particular into the general and charging it up to the "British public." As a fact, the British public had a very just idea of the character of this elusive personality. They knew that he was sensitive, sensitive to criticism and to the least manifestation of vulgarity. That there was nothing snobbish about him unless intellectually and that a diffidence and a strain of melancholy, inherent and enhanced by the circumstances of his life, prevented him from rising higher than he did in political life. If he had in his make-up some of the Oriental mystery with which Disraeli invested himself, the parallel between the two ended there. There was (says Sir Samuel) nothing coarse about him. I think that is the last infirmity which the British public would have laid to his charge. People genuinely interested in art remain under a great debt to Sir Philip Sassoon. He was a man of taste and discernment who was able to employ his gifts and great resources at a critical juncture in the history of art, and within his limitations he proved himself an efficient public servant. In private life, he had a genius for hospitality, a good deal of wit and fun, a kind heart and a restlessness which goes so often with a quick mind.

**OXFORD GROUP.**—Some said one thing and some another. Some said Dr. Buchman's name should go down to posterity attached to his movement. Others said he has already done all a man can to assure that it will. Some said the term "Oxford Group" is a big lie and pillories a movement which insists on "absolute honesty." Others that it is only a commercial label after all and it matters not whether you call it the Keswick or the Buchman, or the Oxford or the London Group. Bishop Hensley Henson distrusts the Group and would not have the word Oxford in its title. Lord Hugh Cecil broadmindedly conceded the purely commercial and convenient use of the title, provided it doesn't interfere with the prior claims of the "Oxford" shoe. And for Mr. Herbert the subject afforded a busman's holiday. It is Herbert all day long and every day in the Press. The Group desired to be dignified with the name of the City of Lost Causes and dreaming spires. Their slogan is: "Over Oxford will I cast out my shoe." And Mr. Stanley has given them their wish. The controversy is over. The Oxford Group has come to stay. A title they must have or they can't cash their legacies. And without their legacies they can't make Europe and the New World come clean. As an Oxford man, I put no obstacle in their way. They won't hurt Oxford. For all I know, they will do her some good, or more good. A movement like Dr. Buchman's *must* do more good than harm in days like these and anyway Oxford is too old to worry about being made the peg on which to hang another cause.

## THE ROYAL TOUR

*"The Sphere's" Special Illustrated Record to be Published on June 24*

On June 24, two days after the King and Queen are due to arrive back in England, "The Sphere" will publish a special enlarged number depicting every major phase of the Royal tour to Canada and the United States where their Majesties have been received with such tumultuous enthusiasm. With pages in full colours, including a coloured photograph of the King and Queen outside the Canadian Federal Parliament, the number will constitute a permanent record of the first journey to the New World ever made by a reigning British sovereign. The price, as usual, will be 1s.



A CAVALCADE OF STUART DAYS: A picture taken on Lady Yule's Bricket Wood Estate in Hertfordshire as a rehearsal took place in preparation for the Charles I riding display at the International Horse Show at Olympia

**EVACUATION ON PAPER.**—Nine months have passed since the Munich panic. On June 10 the evacuation arrangements for our village in the Midhurst area stood as follows:—The individual who had made himself responsible for the distribution of the quota of evacuees had left, and, after looking into his books, no one had been found bold enough to take over. And no wonder. The village is charged with receiving evacuees numbering 50 per cent. of its population. It is a village notorious in a bad area for its lack of water. Its drainage is primitive and already taxed beyond capacity. There is no public electricity for half its area. In the billeting, every undertaking has been broken. Houses containing young children have been charged with as many as two occupants to every room. Houses once empty but now occupied remain charged with fifty or more. In many heavily charged houses only men can work the devices for drawing water and the men will be called away in war. Only men, also, and by constant watchfulness, can keep the primitive drainage systems in adequate condition for normal needs. Householders had prepared for the quotas agreed with the canvasser, totally ignorant that those quotas had been in some cases quadrupled. There is no appeal from this rank and criminal dictatorship, no attention is paid to the scandal by the Home Office. It is a "paper" scheme, involving a great tragedy if it is ever put into force. It is said to be "too late" to revise it! Small wonder if Sir John Anderson's name is a bad joke, and if London mothers prefer the risk of a swift death at home to a more long-drawn-out tragedy in West Sussex.

**POLO.**—The Westchester Cup has gone the way of Meadowbrook. The ashes of English polo and yacht-racing have cost in the past decades a deal of energy and money to retrieve, and still the effort goes on with a Quixotic obstinacy which is worthy of the noblest cause. And to-day there are many great causes which need all the money and all the energy we can compass. But it were the sign of a grudging spirit to tot up the sum of that expense of trouble and money that went to preparation for that score of fast chukkas played on Meadowbrook. We do not like to admit defeat even in a game in which material resources count for much; and we suffered glorious defeat.

THE OLD STAGER

HEALTH AND BEAUTY GIRLS sunning themselves at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, before taking part in the eighth outdoor demonstration given by the Women's League of Health and Beauty—an organisation that continues to flourish exceedingly under its leader, Lady David Douglas-Hamilton. Altogether 500 members appeared in the Wembley display. Forty-eight of them came from Canada for the occasion

**TO THE MEMORY OF PAPA JOFFRE:**

The scene outside the Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, at the unveiling of the statue to the former pupil of the Polytechnique who won renown by his defeat of the Germans at the Marne

**HUNSTANTON'S PIER BLAZE:**

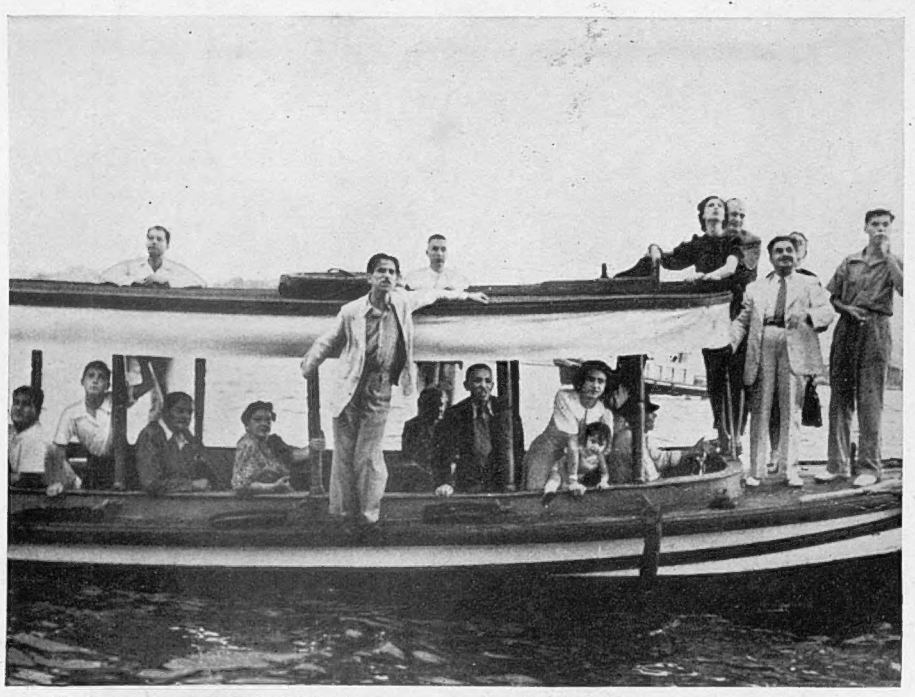
Two women jumped into the sea when they were trapped by the flames at this Norfolk resort. They were unhurt, despite the fact that they came down in only 4 ft. of water, as they had the good fortune to fall flat

**SYMBOLISING CZECH DETERMINATION:**

The Czechoslovak Pavilion at the New York World's Fair has been completed, and the intention is that it shall evidence the determination of the Czechs to regain their lost liberty

**AN AIRMAN WEDS:**

Mr. Lindsay Neale, pilot of the London Aeroplane Club, looks on as, after the wedding, his bride kisses her young brother, who acted as a page



**PUSHED FROM PILLAR TO POST:**

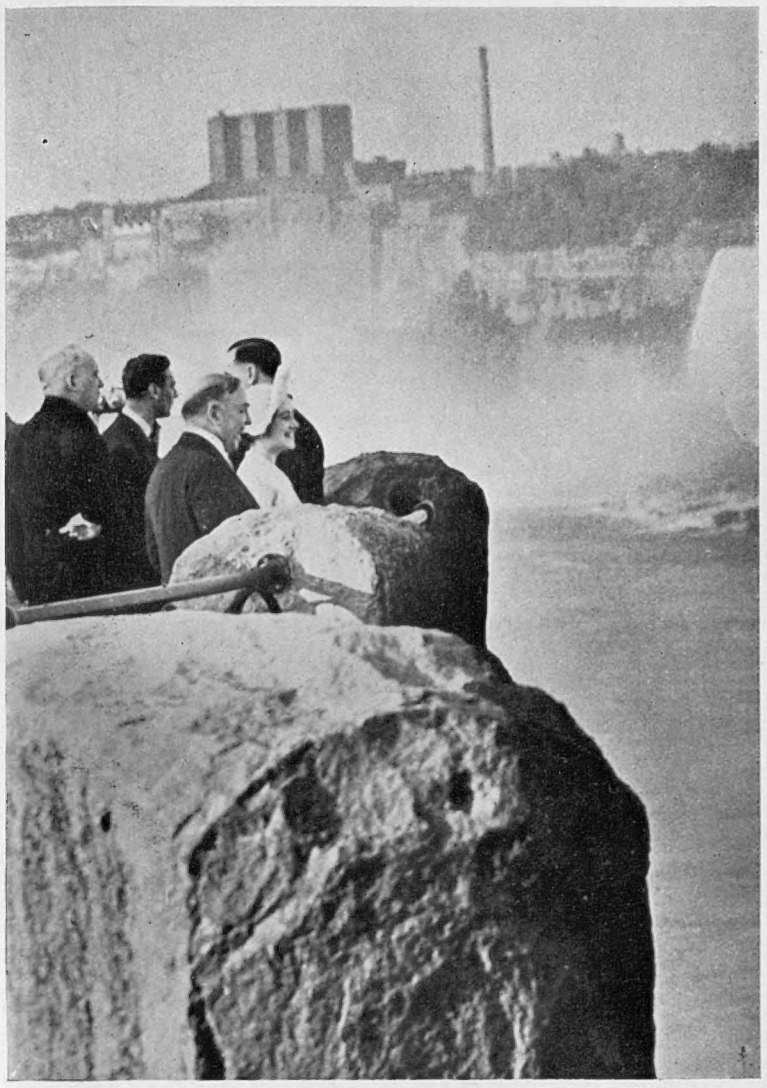
Cuban relatives of some of the 907 Jewish refugees in the Hamburg-Amerika liner *St. Louis* conversing with the refugees from a launch in Havana harbour. They were not allowed to go aboard, and the Cuban Government ordered the ship and its unhappy passengers to depart. Now, owing to the action of the Dutch and Belgian Governments, 450 of the refugees will at least have a hope-inspiring respite in these two countries

**ANNUAL JUDGES' SERVICE:**

One of the judges arriving at St. Paul's in wig and gown. In accordance with usual custom everyone carried a posy of mixed flowers

# AMERICA HAILS THE KING AND QUEEN

## Their Majesties Visit Niagara Falls, Washington, and New York



FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE OF THE BORDER the King and Queen view the mighty cataract of Niagara. A picture taken a few hours before Their Majesties crossed the International Bridge and set foot on United States soil. While at Niagara the King and Queen walked beneath the falls

WASHINGTON'S WELCOME: This was the scene in the Federal Capital on June 8 as the King and the President, in the first car, and the Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt, in the second car, drove past the Capitol on the way from the Union Station to the White House. It was estimated that 700,000 people lined the processional route through the city

EN ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR: With a score of cycle police surrounding the Royal car and plain clothes police on the running board, the King and Queen were cheered by tens of thousands of New Yorkers as they drove along the Westside Highway on the way to the exhibition grounds. The enthusiasm evoked by the occasion surpassed all expectations and their progress through the city was undoubtedly the crowning triumph of a visit which has to an equal degree delighted Americans and Britons. This picture was taken last Saturday and, together with the others on this page, was flown to Europe by the *Yankee Clipper*. On page 480 of this issue will be found a special article on the Clipper, which is now making possible the publication of American illustrations in England so soon after events have taken place

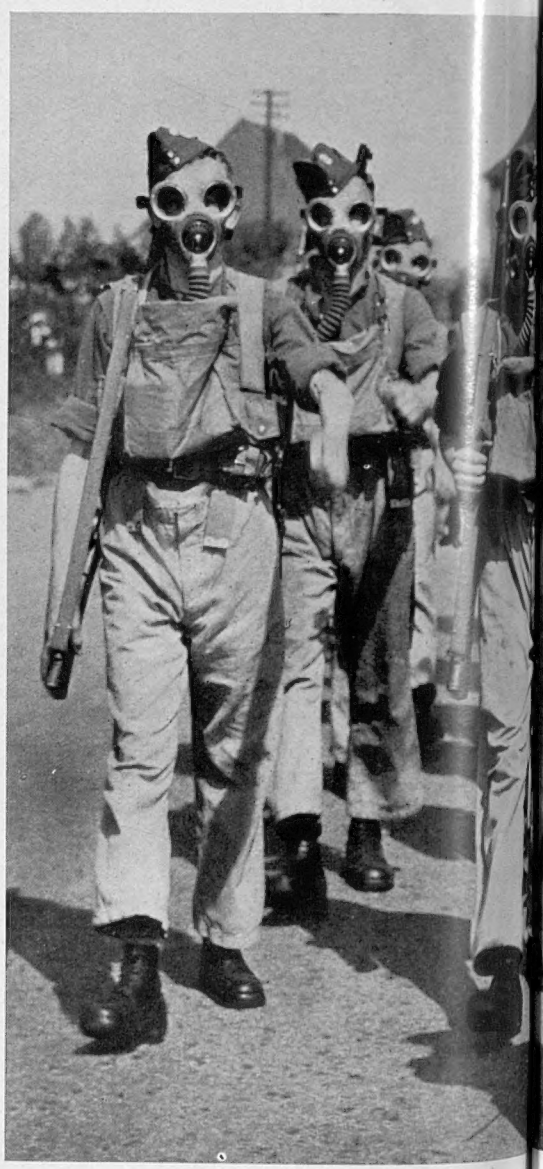
# BRITAIN'S VAST NEW ARMY GETS DOWN TO WORK

## French and Turkish Allies Make Tours of Inspection — Territorials Fall In For a Month's Training in Camp and on War Stations

GENERAL GAMELIN AT ALDERSHOT: The General Officer Commanding the French Armies inspecting an armoured car during his visit to Aldershot. His stay in this country, which in itself provided such proof of Anglo-French accord, enabled him to see many of our military establishments. General Gamelin also attended the Trooping the Colour and he took the salute at the first performance of the Aldershot Tattoo

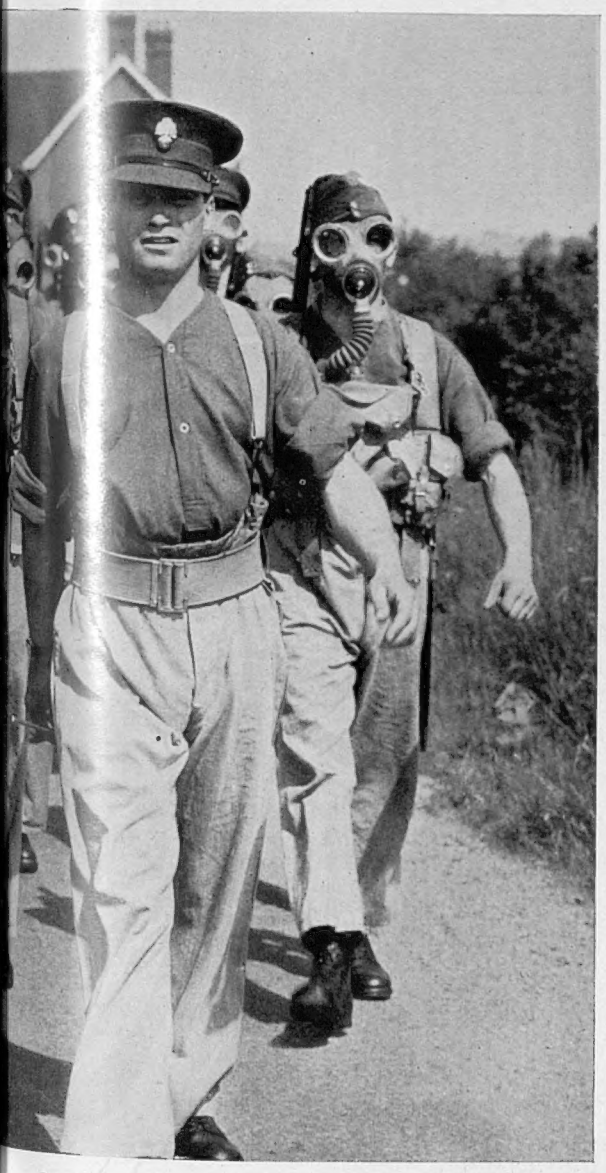
WITH CAMOUFLAGED HEADGEAR: Infantrymen beside an anti-tank rifle during military training near Colchester where the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers and the 21st/24th Battery, 27th Field Brigade, have been at work together

LONDON TERRITORIALS SET OUT FOR CAMP: Men of the 52nd Battalion, Royal Artillery, boarding a bus as they left last Sunday to start their month's training. As a result of the mobilisation order all London's A.A. men will probably have a fortnight in camp followed by a fortnight on war stations, and there is no doubt that the experience thus gained will contribute to an enormous increase in the security of London against air attack

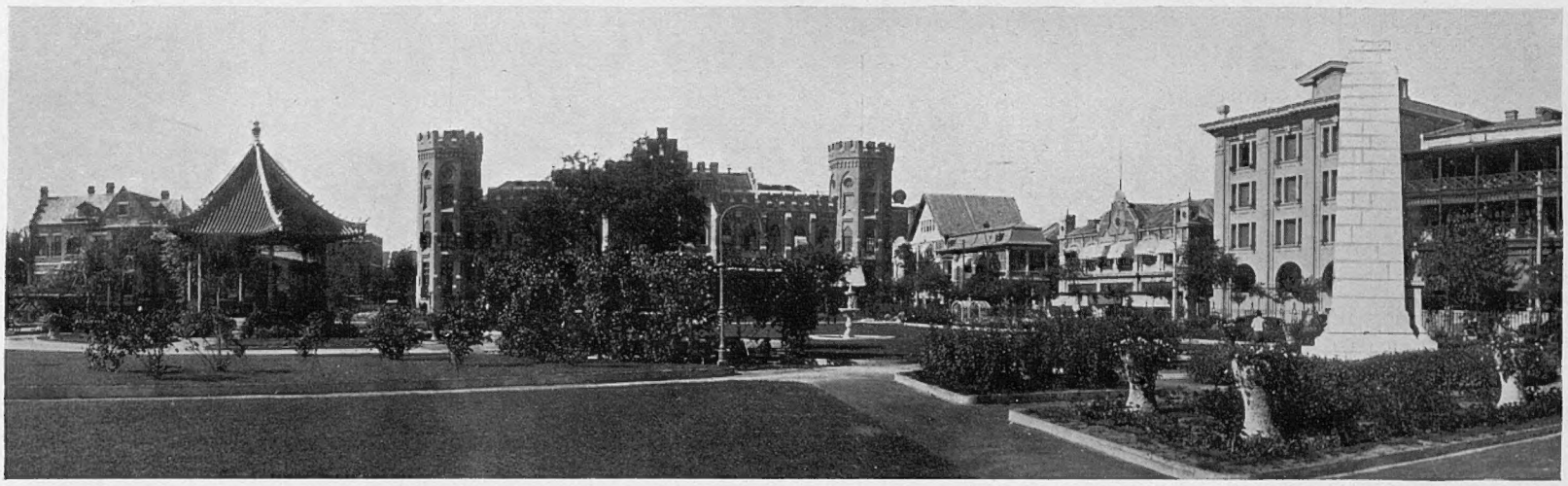


*Above*—MARCHING DOWN THE GREAT WEST ROAD: Despite the fact that they had discarded their tunics these men of the Royal Fusiliers must have found the heat distinctly trying as they wore their gas masks during a route march. It is one thing to sit still in a gas mask and quite another to carry on arduous military routine duties with it on. Hence the need for practice

TURKISH EDITORS, who have been on a lengthy visit to England, inspecting a howitzer during a day with the army in the Colchester district. They report that the new Anglo-Turkish agreement has aroused immense enthusiasm in their country



*On right*—UNIFORM OR NO UNIFORM, Territorials of the 52nd Battalion, Royal Artillery, Acton, parade before leaving for camp. The rush to join the Territorials has been so great during the past few months that it has been quite impossible for manufacturers to keep pace with the increased demands for equipment. By May 27, indeed, over 152,930 new officers and men had joined the Territorial Field Army



**WHERE BRITISH INTERESTS ARE MENACED:** The Victoria Gardens and the Gordon Hall in the British concession at Tientsin which was this week made the scene of a Japanese blockade, no one being allowed to enter or leave and all trade being brought to a standstill. By this means Japan hopes to effect a solution in her favour of the settlement and concession question which has been acute ever since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war two years ago

# JAPAN LAYS SIEGE

## To British and French Concessions in Tientsin

THE Japanese pretext for blockading the British and French concessions in Tientsin—a blockade that means that 3,000 British subjects are unable to enter or leave and that all trade is at a standstill—is of recent date, but the preparations for such an encirclement were begun last autumn, and were brought very near completion before this present pretext occurred.

These two concessions lie between the ex-German concession and the Chinese city, which are both now under Japanese control. All steamers arriving in Tientsin had to dock along the bund of the ex-German or the French or British concessions. And all traffic between the ex-German and the Japanese concession or the Chinese city had to pass through the British and French concessions.

Last autumn the Japanese started building a by-pass around these two third-party concessions. This three-mile road runs from a Japanese wharf in the ex-German concession to the Japanese barracks in the Chinese city. It skirts the British and French concessions by a margin of 30 ft., which includes a trench 20 ft. deep. By December this road was already in use.

Other early attempts at controlling the two concessions included an extra bridge across the Pai River, and the erection of "search stations" at all points where the concessions roads met those of Japanese-controlled territory. These "search stations" were wooden sheds housing Japanese and Japanese-employed Chinese police. Searching began on December 15.

Coincident with these moves to isolate the British and French, the Japanese authorities issued orders that their nationals should leave the encircled concessions. This, however, proved unpopular with Japanese merchants and bankers because, among other reasons, their accommodation within the concessions was better than any to be found easily in the congested areas outside. So the decree was not strictly enforced pending arrangements.

By March of this year the tension rapidly increased, though the present pretext did not occur until April.

Barricades of live wire were being put up around the concession late in February, just prior to the announcement that Great Britain had established a £10,000,000 fund for the stabilising of Chinese currency. This move was, in fact, almost contemporary with the inauguration of the Japanese effort to undermine Chinese currency by the issue of new notes based on the yen. With the issue of these notes by the Japanese-controlled Federal Reserve Bank in Peiping, the Japanese authorities in North China imposed a ban on the use of the Chinese national dollar.

Great Britain, France, and the United States all protested against the new Japanese currency as being detrimental to their trade interests in China.

When Great Britain added the force of a £10,000,000 stabilisation fund to her protest, anti-British propaganda in Japan and Japanese-controlled parts of China became intense. "The present British policy," said a Tokyo spokesman, "is against the general trend of affairs. The British Government should abandon its policy of supporting Chiang Kai-shek's currency and help our new currency instead."

Lack of capital to back the new notes foredoomed the Federal Bank Reserve venture to failure. Within six weeks it was recognised even by the Japanese as a hopeless attempt. And this failure did not sweeten the feeling of Japan and her North China puppet governments towards Great Britain.

New demands were made on the concessions at Tientsin, and the Domei (Japanese) News Agency published the conjecture that "Foreign concessions at Tientsin may be the first which Japan may attempt to occupy permanently." A number of provocative "incidents" occurred, increasing the tension between the Japanese and the British.

Meantime Japanese pressure on the Shanghai International Settlement continued, and an "incident" occasioned Japanese invasion of the international settlement at Amoy.

A spokesman at the Foreign Office in Tokyo declared that "Japan is involved in hostilities including the whole of China, even the concessions and settlements," and he claimed for Japan the right to strengthen her control of concessions. "There is no reason," he went on, "why Japan should not immediately embark on the reform of the administrative system at Shanghai and elsewhere."

The pretext for the present acute crisis in Tientsin arises out of the refusal of the British concession authorities to hand over to the Japanese four Chinese alleged to have assisted in the assassination on April 9 of Dr. S. G. Cheng, the Japanese-sponsored Commissioner of Customs at Tientsin. The British municipal authorities maintain that there is not enough evidence against these men to justify handing them over to the Japanese for punishment.

The accused were originally arrested last April as a result of joint action by the British Consular police and Japanese gendarmes. They were examined by the Japanese police, by permission of the British municipal police, and were then handed over to the British authorities for trial, with the understanding, it is alleged, that, if found guilty, they should be returned to the Japanese. But, since guilt has not been proved to the satisfaction of the British court, the British municipal authorities refuse to comply with the Japanese demands.

With preparations already made for blockading the British and French concessions, Japan's next move was easy. Live-wire entanglements were closed up, and additional sentries posted at the few exits; Japanese banks and business firms moved out.

The economic situation, however, can scarcely be worsened. Japan's currency policy had already brought trade nearly to a standstill, and Tientsin, both in and out of the concessions, has for many weeks been exhibiting symptoms of financial panic. The cost of living has increased almost hourly. Flour, that sold for 6 dollars last month, is now nearly 8 dollars. Blockading third-party concessions will scarcely remedy this grave state of affairs.

F. E. Dean

# A SUBMARINE HERO:

## How Petty Officer Willis Saved His Men

THE loss of the *Thetis*, which has stirred public feeling to such depths, is to be made the subject of an official inquiry and it is to be hoped that Mr. Justice Bucknill and his associates will be able to obtain sufficient evidence to help ensure that a similar disaster does not occur again. Many may remember the famous inquiries into the loss of the *Poseidon* in 1931 and what a tale of heroism came to light on that occasion when the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander, told of the action of Petty Officer Willis and his men. That speech of Mr. Alexander's is certainly worthy of being recorded again.

"On the conclusion of the various inquiries into the loss of H.M.S. *Poseidon*," said the First Lord, "some interesting facts have become available about the magnificent behaviour of the men who were cut off from their fellows in the fore part of the ship, most of whom eventually were saved. When the collision occurred and the order 'Close watertight doors' was given, Petty Officer Willis, the torpedo gunner's mate, took charge of those in the fore part, calling on them to close the door of the compartment with themselves inside, as this might mean saving the ship. The operation was difficult, as the bulkhead had buckled, but by their united efforts the door was eventually closed, leaving only a slight leak. While this work was in progress the ship lurched to starboard and sank with heavy inclination by the bows. At the moment of the collision the electric light leads were all cut, and from that time until the final evacuation the imprisoned men were working with the occasional illumination of an electric torch.

"Willis first said prayers for himself and his companions and then ordered them to put on their escape apparatus, making sure they all knew how to use it. He then explained he was going to flood the compartment in order to equalise the pressure with that outside the submarine, and how it was to be done, telling off each man to his station. He also rigged wire hawsers across the hatchway to form a support for men to stand on while the compartment was flooding. While the compartment was slowly filling Willis kept his companions in good heart.

"During this time oxygen was running low in some of the escape apparatus; one able seaman told Petty Officer Willis that his oxygen flask was exhausted, as he could no longer hear it bubbling. Willis then tested his own and found it also was empty, and told the man, 'That is all right; you can't hear anything in mine and there is plenty left.' This statement reassured the man and maintained the atmosphere of coolness among the party, which was essential to success. After two hours and ten minutes the water was about up to the men's knees, and Willis considered the pressure might be sufficient to open the hatch. With considerable difficulty the hatch opened sufficiently for two men to shoot up, but the pressure then reclosed the hatch, and it was necessary to await further flooding to make the pressure more equal before a second attempt could be made. The two men who first escaped were Able Seaman Lovock and Able Seaman Holt. The former came to the surface unconscious and died immediately, but his body was supported by Able Seaman Holt, himself in a state of great exhaustion, until both were picked up by boats waiting on the scene. After a further hour, by which time the men in the compartment were nearly up to their necks in water and the air lock was becoming very small, a second effort was made. This was successful, and the hatch opened and four other men came to the surface, Petty Officer Willis, Leading Seaman Clarke, Able Seaman Nagle, and Officer's Steward Ah Hai, all of whom were picked up by boats.

"From evidence it is abundantly clear that the courage and fortitude with which all these men in the practical darkness of the slowly flooding compartment faced a situation more than desperate were in accordance with the very highest traditions of the Service. The coolness, confidence, ability and power of command shown by Petty Officer Willis, which no doubt were principally responsible for the saving of so many valuable lives, are deserving of the very highest praise."

# THREE GREAT LINERS ARE IN THE NEWS

## The "Mauretania's" Trials : The "Empress of Britain" to Bring the King and Queen Home : Progress of the "Queen Elizabeth"

THE TESTING TIME: The *Mauretania* viewed from above as she ran her trials on the Admiralty mile off the Arran shore of the Firth of Clyde. She afterwards cruised near the Irish coast for adjustment of compasses and other tests. Her maiden voyage to New York is due to start to-day, June 17. The *Mauretania* will in future use London as her home port

ALL OUT ON THE ADMIRALTY MILE: The new 34,000-ton Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania*, the biggest ship ever built in England, seen as she ran her trials last week in the Firth of Clyde. Mr. R. S. Johnson, managing director of Cammell Laird, the builders, was on board for the trials but he had to hurry back before they were over on account of the *Thetis* disaster. The *Mauretania* has since been preparing for her maiden voyage

AT THE CLOSE OF A WORLD CRUISE the *Empress of Britain*, pride of the Canadian Pacific fleet, steams up Southampton Water to discharge her passengers. Her next commission is to bring the King and Queen back from the Canadian tour and during the past fortnight an army of men has been busily engaged in making her ready for the momentous voyage

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SHIP NEARS COMPLETION: A picture evidencing the progress of the *Queen Elizabeth* in the fitting-out basin at Messrs. John Brown's Clydebank yard, where she is being prepared for sea. The *Queen Elizabeth* will make her maiden voyage sometime in 1940, and she is fully expected to better the fast times of her sister ship as a number of recent improvements in design have been incorporated. As in the *Queen Mary*, the main machinery will be geared steam turbines developing a service horse-power of 158,000 and driving four propellers, but she will have only two funnels as against the three of the *Queen Mary*

# FRANCE WANTS WAR HORSES

## A Visit to Saumur Reveals a Startling Change in French Army Policy

### By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE first horse to come within my purview at Saumur was, unfortunately, on the table. Doubly unfortunate, in that the luncheon wine was of purest Saumur, that gently sparkling sunlight that does not bear exporting.

The reason I was trapped into horse—masquerading, of course, as *rosbif*—was the restaurant's setting: tree-shaded terrace of an old grey place bordering the Loire. The reason I looked in on Saumur—well, let us out with it; yes, it sprang as everything else these days from the infernal eternal crisis. I had occasion to mention to a French officer that I was bound, by request, for Anjou to report on a modest, attractive and convenient hideaway in case the bombs started falling on Paris.

My companion at once suggested the Saumur district. "250 kilometres farther west than Paris, wooded country, few targets, *chic* people, accessible. The neighbourhood, I mean. Not always the people!"

"By the way," he added, "if you go down there, you should be able to produce a paper on Saumur as cavalry centre, for it may soon be of actuality again. You are aware that Saumur has long been our temple of the horse, that our celebrated Cadre Noir has regularly gone out from it to be the admiration of every international horse show. But you may not be informed that there is signalled something of a renewed respect for the horse in our army.

"I do not mean that we are planning to charge again as a Margueritte at Gravelotte! But a total reliance on mechanisation has positive perils. Can we in all circumstances, in a protracted campaign, maintain the gigantic volume of fuel that mechanised forces on the current scale consume, remembering that 90 per cent. of France's fuel must come from overseas? Can we cope with the enormous wear and tear, repairs and replacement, that would have to be effected?

"There is a third question that has of late been *à la page*, and that is the degree in which tanks and armoured vehicles, generally, can effectively confront barriers of the Maginot and Siegfried description, with their special snares and demolitions, particularly when these fortifications dodge in and out of wooded countryside. Cavalry patrols or screens can operate in certain lights more efficaciously in thickly wooded country than can tanks or even light armoured vehicles. And this is still not to mention the matter of tanks becoming bogged where horses can flounder through."

And then I learnt how the Poles are banking heavily on the cavalry element of their army. They can have both mud and trees without end in ex-Pomerania and the "Corridor," also in the Bialystok region, round Lodz, in Silesia, and on the Carpathian flank, and the intention is to use the cavalry as a separate arm, tactically independent of tank formations, of the infantry, or the artillery. The Poles have no fewer than forty cavalry regiments, the best in Europe, because of concentration on this arm and of a brilliant inheritance, plus ten auxiliary and technical squadrons, and thirteen divisional mounted artillery units.

The chief regimental weapon is the machine-gun, and it would obviously be of the greatest interest to know how this last surviving great cavalry host fared in modern mechanised warfare, even given the exceptional geography and territorial peculiarities of Poland. The Poles believe that their cavalry mass could get to points, and round flanks, be able to deliver unexpected strokes, when the Reich's mechanised formations would be impeded by such things as woods, mud, demolitions, temporary lack of fuel, concentrated bombings, and by breakdowns springing from the substitute material that has gone so freely into German manufacture.

So that is what took me to Saumur, on a lovely first summer's day.

Having ducked horse at lunch, one repaired to the racecourse directly after, since there was an early local meeting of *hippisme*, one French solution for Sundays. The paddock was well worth half a crown, if the racing was not—except the military steeple. For here circulated local society, squired by the smartest of cavalry officers, while such of the Black Cadre as did not surround General Bridoux in the tribune, acted as judges on a rickety winning-post structure.

**A RIDER OF THE CADRE NOIR** gives an exhibition of his skill on the exercise grounds at Saumur, the famous French cavalry training centre

Moroccan spahis in full splendour hung over the rails; the wine was all that racecourse wine should be, and *ever* so much cheaper; in fact, the one blot was a loudspeaker booming songs and records, obscenely out of place on these peaceful meadows. The day is doubtless fast drawing nigh when a hot running commentary on personalities present, their clothes, antics, bets and conversation, will be boomed.

Saumur has two interests other than the horse. Its sparkling and still wines are famous. And it has something of a monopoly in the making of rosaries and of wearable holy emblems; whereby hangs a tale.

An historical Protestant centre, Saumur enjoyed a great prosperity despite the wars of religion, and this endured until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which immediately spelt disaster. Saumur, or what remained of it, descended to times of grievous want until a Pope of Rome was moved to grant the former Protestant stronghold the rosary monopoly. This brought bread and butter. It brought considerably more when a bright local mind hit upon the idea of supplying the Muslim faith, also, with beads—those strung beads one sees Arabs and other sons of Islam continually fingering, not in prayer, but in meditation and to soothe the nerves, part substitute for tobacco. In this way did the Saumurrois get even with an aspect of that papal gesture.

**THE DARLING OF SAUMUR:** This is seventeen-year-old Taine, one of the finest jumpers ever produced at the cavalry school. When this picture was specially taken for "The Sphere" Taine was on the point of leaving for the U.S.

In 1763 Saumur's future was sealed by the arrival of the Count of Provence at the head of a regiment of carabineers. Three years later, Choiseul visited the Count's riding-school prior to recommending to Louis XV that the Cavalry Academy be established locally. But it was Napoleon who gave the final *cachet* when, at the beginning of the Hundred Days, he designated Saumur as "the uncontested sanctuary of French military horsemanship."

In 1828 came the first of the celebrated annual *carrousels* in honour of that remarkable young person, the Duchess of Berry, who, four years before, had surprised Paris, and blazed a new mode, by being carried down to, and into, the sea at Dieppe. The apparel the Duchess then wore would to-day take a glamour girl round *and* round the world.

For almost a century Saumur continued on its elegant path in peace and calm. Revolutions came and monarchs went, but the horse, "man's noblest conquest," did not cease to rule at royalist Saumur whose inhabitants came to talk, think, and live horse, in the commercial sense, as the town's *élite* did in the social and sporting. Not even the Prussians in 1871 altered the even tenor, that invasion stopping short in neighbouring Touraine. It required the aftermath of the great war, the advent of mechanisation, to give Saumur its second historical shock. Cavalry, the horse in warfare, was challenged entirely.

In the years since, Saumur has necessarily lost some of its distinction and activity, due to the steady reduction of French cavalry strength, its transformation into mechanised units. But for the local establishment of a training centre for the latter, side by side with surviving thoroughbreds, the townspeople would have been harder hit yet. But the horse does not go under as easily as that. It was found that the School would still be needed, not only to turn out horses and riders for show purposes or national prestige, and for officers heading their battalions and companies, batteries, and so on, but in order that the horse should not be suffered to die out in the French Army, since one did not know that its day had passed.

Saumur has France's only Museum of the Horse, founded in 1911 and occupying a whole wing of the great chateau dominating the region. Was the war horse to become a museum piece? No equine enthusiast visiting France should miss this museum which, besides the skeleton of Flying Fox (did this legendary animal possess a stride six inches longer than any other horse, as said the guide?), shows saddles and harness, spurs, caparisons and equipment of all countries, from the crusades to Marshals Foch and Pétain. In one room are the skeletons of prehistoric horses the size of dogs—they were excavated near Lyons.

So of late years Saumur came to live in a lesser key, if still visited, as one of the show places of the nation, by sovereigns and princes and leading guests of the Republic. One was shown pictured receptions, among others, of Hirohito, King Carol, the Duke of Kent, Marshal Smigly-Rydz, Regent Paul, some escorted by General Gamelin. The Generalissimo did a course at Saumur, though of St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst. That is nothing exceptional: it is not imperative that one should be a cavalryman in order to profit by Saumur.

I was reminded of this next day at an ex-combatants' reunion presided over by General Bridoux, commander of France's cavalry, and by Deputy Désiré Ferry, back from the Reserve Officers' trip to England, and, in a banquet speech, extremely flattering of our rearming effort. This function coincided with the end of the academic year, and among officers attending courses, who paraded before the "centauress" (semi-woman, semi-horse) Cavalry Memorial of 1914-18, were not less than eight varying categories. I shall not enumerate; suffice that hardly one belonged to the cavalry but required horsemanship aside from this.

The school and riding academy takes up one whole quarter of the sleepy old town. A three-story, vast parallelogram affair with flanking wings; and out in front, the splendid exercise ground surrounded by stables, barracks, paddocks, infirmaries for man and for beast, ammunition sheds, farriers and shoeing-smiths—and a motor-machine-gun school. Here, on the spot, those attached to the School (including one British officer at present) are instructed by experts.

*(Continued on page 502)*

# A FOREIGN SURVEY

HOME FROM A FOREIGN FIELD: Germans of the Kondor Legion, who fought and also worked behind the lines in Spain during the civil war, parading in the Lustgarten, Berlin, on their return. They played a less obtrusive but none the less vital part than the Italians in the campaign, and while it was proceeding the German press never referred to their presence in the peninsula

A STANDARD BEARER OF THE KONDOR LEGION: A resplendent figure among the German troops who paraded in the Lustgarten, Berlin, on returning from the civil war in Spain. In a speech Herr Hitler made some remarkable revelations regarding the extent of German participation

TWO ANNIVERSARIES IN EUROPE: *Left*—Young athletes giving a display at Stockholm stadium to mark the 100th anniversary of the death of P. H. Ling, founder of the Swedish drill system. *On right*—M. Etter, the Swiss President, making a speech at Nyon, of conference fame, in connection with the 125th anniversary of Geneva's return to the Swiss Confederation after a period under French rule

QUEIPO DE LLANO IN GERMANY: The Nationalist general pictured at Kassel where he was entertained by German officers. What part he is destined to play in the reconstruction of Spain is open to conjecture, but it is certain that he does not now enjoy the same influence as at the beginning of the civil war when he made himself master of Seville and delivered a series of nightly broadcasts to which all Europe listened in sheer amazement. When Franco formed his cabinet the broadcasts were stopped

WHAT THE SMART CYCLIST IS WEARING: Madame Jacqueline Vaudecrahe, the well-known French skater, donned this costume when appearing at a cycling exposition held in the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris. Cycling still remains a supremely popular national sport in France

# WHAT GERMANY BELIEVES:

## The Terrifying Ignorance of Her People Regarding Foreign Affairs

WHERE IGNORANCE MENACES PEACE: These Berlin working men have no idea of the truth regarding foreign affairs, and in that fact alone, real danger lies

By VICTOR BODKER

I HAVE just returned from Berlin. It is a city I know very well. I ought to, for I was correspondent there for a famous British news agency for eleven years—from 1923 to 1934. I saw Hitler rise from being a street corner orator in Munich, despised and ridiculed by the masses as a mountebank and charlatan, to become leader of a nation of 85,000,000 and the bugbear of Europe. And last week I saw thousands of men and women frantically, almost hysterically, cheering the man whom only eight years ago many of them were booing and shouting down whenever his name was mentioned at a public meeting.

I saw him make his famous speech in the Kroll Opera House on April 28 where a thousand people were watching him while millions were hearing him, and two days later I saw him at a distance of six feet as he was coming out of the Metropol theatre, with four husky detectives around him. And as that little, very ordinary, bourgeois-looking man walked to his waiting motor car with bent arm in salute, I could not help wondering what it was in him that made so many million Germans regard him as little less than a god—for he certainly does not look like one.

There is no doubt that Hitler's prestige among the German people is at present higher than ever. I soon found this out in my talks with a score of old German friends and acquaintances of all classes ranging from high government officials to working men whom I have known for years and who talked freely and frankly to me for that reason. Their views on various aspects of the Nazi regime varied widely, and were by no means always favourable to it, but on one point they were unanimous—that Hitler was a great man who had done great things for Germany.

Let me take as a typical example the views of Hans K., to whom for ten years I took my shoes to be repaired and who used to be a staunch Socialist in pre-Hitler days. He still is, he told me when I visited him last week in his little shop, but he takes good care not to say so openly nowadays and gives the Nazi salute whenever it is wise to do so. But he is not a Nazi party member, and no pressure has been put upon him to become one, probably because he is seventy-two years old. "I still don't like the Nazis and I never shall," said Hans to me. "They've done some terrible things, their treatment of the Jews is foul, and I know there is no liberty or freedom for the individual in Germany any more. But one can't get away from the fact that Hitler has done some great things for Germany. Look at the way he has got rid of unemployment by building everywhere, and although it is true the German working man's standard of living is lower now than it was six years ago, the fact remains that seven or eight million men who were then existing on the dole now have the satisfaction of making a living through their own efforts, and it is not surprising that those men are now supporters of Hitler.

"If war comes the German people will follow him enthusiastically, for they will be told in the press and on the wireless that Germany is being attacked by the Poles and that it is a righteous war in defence of the Fatherland against enemies jealous of her rise to power and determined to crush her once and for all. And how will the ignorant German masses know that they have been lied to, till millions of them are dead?" Hans asked me, and I was unable to give him a satisfactory reply.

For the problem of enlightening the German people on the real facts of the international situation is one which appears to be insoluble. Those who listen in to the B.B.C. broadcasts of news in German certainly number many thousands, but millions do not, for they only possess the "People's" set, which can only be tuned in to German stations. And it must be remembered that it is an offence to repeat to others what one has heard in foreign broadcasts unless the same news has also been broadcast from German stations. The result is that the great masses believe only what they read in their severely controlled newspapers and hear in the German broadcasts, with the natural consequence that their ignorance of the real facts of the international situation is colossal as I quickly discovered when I talked politics with my friends of the working class.

For example, Gerhardt M., a waiter in a small café which I used to frequent, talked exactly like the leading articles of the *Lokal Anzeiger*, which paper he reads daily, and it was quite hopeless to try to discuss things quietly with him. He raved and ranted about England wanting a war with Germany, and by God, he said, she would get it without mercy, for this time Germany would be absolutely ruthless and would smash and destroy everything before she went under herself. Even German journalists whom I have known a long time, men of education and intelligence, talked to me as if they really believed that what they were writing in their papers was true, and were apparently quite unable to understand the English standpoint about Herr Hitler's recent breaches of faith, which made it impossible to trust his word.

And an ex-judge told me that he was convinced Hitler was a man of peace who would never make war unless it was forced upon him, as it probably would be, by the intrigues and policy of the British Government which was obviously trying to encircle Germany, and my efforts to show that he was talking nonsense were quite unsuccessful. "This is not the Germany of Stresemann," he remarked. "In those days the British Ambassador would send a message to the Foreign Minister informing him that he would call upon him at such and such a time and must insist on an immediate explanation regarding a certain incident in which a British subject was involved. But now the British Ambassador sends a message asking His Excellency the Foreign Minister to be good enough to receive him to discuss the trivial affair of a British subject being ill-treated by Nazis. That is what Hitler has done for Germany at least," said the ex-judge, who was formerly a prominent member of the German National party and now is, on the surface at any rate, a warm Nazi supporter.

One definite fact which emerged from my conversations was that nobody believed in the imminence of war. In fact, if war does break out, I am sure the most surprised people on earth will be the German. "Why on earth should there be a war? We certainly don't want one and neither does the Führer. He has only taken what was German and nobody's going to make war against us for the sake of Danzig." That was the argument I everywhere heard and there was no doubt whatever that it was sincerely believed.

The average German simply cannot understand that Hitler's actions have filled the world with distrust and apprehension and that his constant professions of his love of peace are taken with more than a grain of salt abroad.

And every German seems to be convinced that Hitler will be able to get Danzig back into the Reich without a major war, though how he will do so nobody knows or cares. "Leave it to the Führer. He will manage it all right," is the view of the man in the street, confident that Hitler's successes in Austria, Bohemia and Moravia, and Memel can be repeated in the case of the German city of Danzig. Polish warnings that a resort to force means war not only with Poland but with Britain and France are treated as bluster and bluff. "We can take care of the Poles, and you are never going to make me believe the English are going to war over Danzig," said my hairdresser to me, summing up the opinion of the vast majority of his fellow countrymen, who have had it daily dinned into them by their Press that Britain does not seriously mean to back Poland to the limit over Danzig.

Berlin itself certainly does not give the appearance of a city preparing for a war. On the contrary, it has a very festive air with the lavish street decorations and illuminations specially put up for the Führer's birthday still in evidence.

As regards the food situation, there is certainly no sign of a food shortage in the restaurants and hotels of Berlin. I ate in various establishments every day and was supplied with meals which equalled anything obtainable in London or Paris. But my German friends told me that it was not so easy to get things at home. Butter was rationed, eggs were very scarce, so was coffee, and meat could only rarely be obtained in the quantity desired and was prohibitive in price for the working class.

My impressions of Berlin and the mentality of the German people at the present time can be summed up thus:

1. The German people certainly do not want war and do not believe there will be one. 2. Hitler and the Nazi leaders do not want war either, but are not so certain there will not be one. 3. Hitler personally is more popular than ever with the masses, but the Nazi regime has many opponents, probably 40 per cent. of the electorate. 4. But the regime is too strong to be overthrown by internal troubles. Only a lost war would sweep it out of existence. 5. The food situation is bad for the masses but there is no question of starvation for anybody—as yet. 6. The vast majority of the German people blindly believe what their newspapers and the broadcasts tell them. 7. And will enthusiastically follow Hitler into a war "for the defence of the Fatherland wickedly attacked by jealous enemies" as German propaganda will put it to them. 8. The problem of enlightening the German people on the real facts of the international situation is one of vital importance which should be tackled promptly, for the terrifying ignorance of the German people is definitely a menace to peace.

# THE SEA

THE *Yankee Clipper*, the great Boeing 314 flying-boat which recently completed a survey of the Atlantic crossing by the Azores route, is one of a number ordered by Pan-American Airways for their ocean services across the Pacific to Hong Kong and New Zealand and across the Atlantic to Europe. One of the type is already in service between New York and Bermuda.

These boats are considerably larger than the Modified "C" Class Short boats which are to be used for the Imperial Airways Atlantic flights. Their span is 152 ft. as against the 114 ft. of the Short boats and their all-up weight is 82,500 lb. against the maximum all-up weight of 53,000 lb. of the British boat after mid-air fuelling.

The hull is of all-metal construction built with two decks, the upper being the flight control and freight deck and the lower the passenger deck. Below the floor of the passenger deck is a series of watertight compartments. The hull differs radically from those of British flying-boats in that sea wings or sponsons are built out from it to provide stability on the water and these incidentally act as convenient embarking platforms for passengers. British boats have wing-tip floats for stability on the water but it is claimed that these sea wings, which are also favoured in Germany, are less liable to damage in heavy seas.

The wings are built of aluminium alloy with stressed skin covering. They have the novel feature of an internal passage-way to allow engineers to attend to the engines in flight but, of course, only the back of the engines are accessible in the air and so only minor adjustments can be made. For servicing the engines on the water there are doors in the wing which, when open, form working platforms. There are de-icers along the forward edge of the wing.

The hull has in the extreme nose a marine compartment with an anchor hatch and an external door which, when opened, forms a platform on which one of the crew stands when picking up moorings. Above and behind this marine compartment is the flight deck, the foremost compartment of which may be termed the bridge since it houses the flying controls and the pilots. Compared with other four-engined machines this is much simplified since many of the instruments and all except the master engine controls are mounted in the engineer's compartment and have to be attended to by him.

The navigator is housed on the port side immediately behind the pilots. He has a large chart table and two windows from which he can take astronomical sights and there is also a cupola in the roof for this purpose. The radio operator is on the starboard side opposite the navigator. There is very comprehensive radio equipment including transmitters and receivers for wireless telegraphy, radio telephony, and direction finding. A special generator is provided for use when the boat is on the water and even kites are carried for lifting aerials into the air in case of emergency in a forced descent on the water.

Farther aft near the passage-ways leading through the wing is the flight engineer's station. In front of him is a panel with the instruments for the four engines and the engine and fuel controls. The remainder of the upper deck is occupied by freight and the sleeping quarters of the crew.

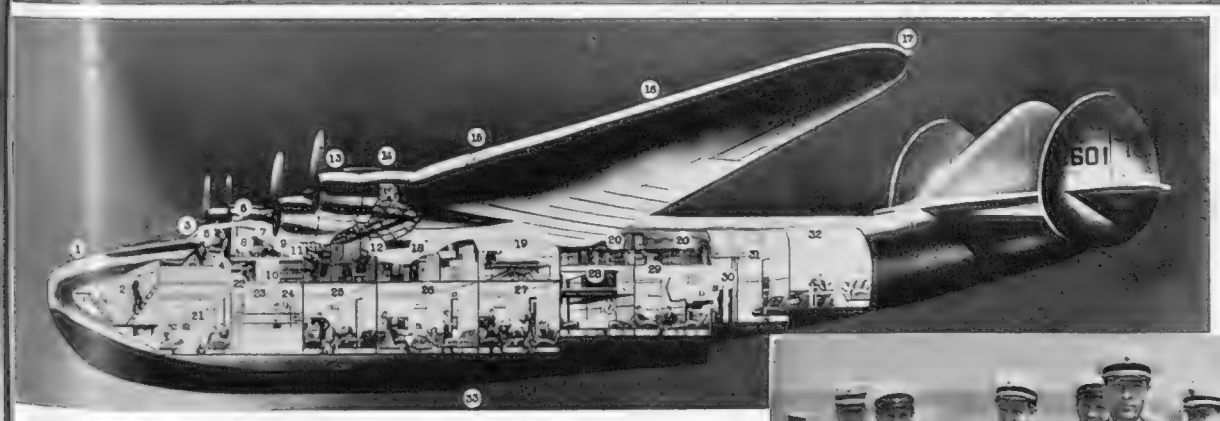
The lower deck is devoted to the passenger accommodation and is divided into ten passenger compartments. Steam cooking and heating is installed and there is a dining-room seating fifteen persons. For long ocean trips sleeping berths for forty passengers can be provided and in addition a crew of eight is carried. For shorter trips, when less petrol need be carried, as many as seventy-four passengers can be accommodated. A sister ship, the *Atlantic Clipper*, recently carried sixty passengers between New York and Bermuda.

These Clipper ships of America's merchant sky fleet can carry 4,200 gallons of petrol, which gives a maximum cruising range of 4,275 miles. Their four 1,500-h.p. engines give them a top speed of 190 m.p.h. and an economical cruising speed of 150 m.p.h.

C. D. Palmer

# WINGS OF THE "YANKEE CLIPPER" And Other Features of Her Bold Design

THE "YANKEE CLIPPER" COMPLETES HER FIRST ROUND TRIP: This picture, taken at Port Washington on May 27 when the famous flying-boat arrived back in America with passengers, mail, and freight, is of special interest in that it shows how one of the sea wings or sponsons provides a convenient embarking and disembarking platform in addition to its primary function of giving the machine stability when she is on the water. The British flying-boats use floats instead of sponsons as will be seen from the picture reproduced immediately below. It is doubtful if these floats give the same stability and they are certainly not particularly sightly




TWO FLOORS LINKED BY A SPIRAL STAIRCASE: A diagrammatic picture showing the interior arrangement of the *Yankee Clipper*, flagship of America's merchant sky fleet. The key is as follows: *(1) Anchor hatch. (2) Seaman's compartment. (3) Bridge (where the flying controls of the liner are located). (4) First pilot. (5) Second pilot. (6) Radio direction finder "loop." (7) Navigation compartment. (8) Radio officer's post. (9) Chart room—navigator's post. (10) Map case, marine library, drift-sight bombs, flares, and navigational instruments. (11) Engineering officer—and the mechanical engine and aircraft controls. (12) Captain's office. (13) 1,500 h.p. Wright "Cyclone" engines equipped with Hamilton constant speed automatic adjusting, full-feathering propellers. (14) Mechanic's wing station. (15) Controllable landing lights. (16) Wing spread 152 ft. (17) Navigation lights. (18) Main cargo hold which extends into wing. (19) Crew's sleeping quarters. (20) Luggage holds. (21) First passenger compartment with accommodation for ten persons. (22) Spiral staircase to bridge. (23) Men's retiring room. (24) Galley in which two stewards can work simultaneously and where food can be prepared for eighty-five persons. (25) Second passenger compartment with accommodation for ten persons. (26) Dining lounge with accommodation for fourteen passengers. (27) Third passenger compartment with accommodation for ten persons. (28) Fourth passenger compartment for ten persons, illustrating method of making up berths for conversion of air liner into ocean sleeper. (29) Fifth passenger compartment for ten. (30) Ladies' dressing-room. (31) Sixth compartment. (32) Private suite. (33) Auxiliary hold*

A CONTRAST IN CONSTRUCTION: The *Yankee Clipper* on her moorings in Southampton Water and behind her two of the Imperial Airways flying-boats. The former, as noted above, is balanced by sea wings or sponsons while the latter have wing-tip floats. The sponsons, it is said, are less liable than the floats to be damaged in heavy seas. They are favoured in Germany as well as the United States and it is possible that before long they will be fairly widely adopted over here

*Below—*
THE CREW OF THE "YANKEE CLIPPER" coming ashore at Hythe after completing their first regular service crossing of the Atlantic, via the Azores. Their double-breasted jackets and white caps give them a distinctly smart appearance

**THE JOURNEY STARTS:** Cattle arriving on the quay at Waterford before being shipped to England. A picture that reflects the new position in Eire now that the Anglo-Irish Agreement of 1938 is in full operation and the farming folk of the south are beginning to feel the benefit. At one time Ireland sent England over 40,000 cattle a year

**AFTER BEING PASSED BY THE VET.** the cattle wait in a pen on the quayside at Waterford before being embarked on the steamer that is to take them to Fishguard. This picture shows them to be distinctly cramped for space, but it will be seen that on the other side of the Channel the accommodation is of a very different nature indeed

# RE-BIRTH *of the* IRISH CATTLE TRADE:

## The Story of a Great Revival Wrought by Political Good Sense

*The 1938 Trade Agreement negotiated between Great Britain and Eire brought to an end a period of economic hardship for Eire and of considerable inconvenience for Britain. It meant in fact that Eire could once again send us her produce and her livestock, and we could again send her coal and other commodities. It meant, too, the reforging of an old trade link that should never have been broken. Now, after just over a year of the new agreement, a "Sphere" correspondent has visited Fishguard to obtain an eye-witness account of the way the Irish livestock trade is operating. He reveals that the lost leeway is already beginning to be made up and, what is just as important, he shows under what ideal conditions the railway and other authorities treat the cattle and horses that pass through their hands.*

BRITAIN'S food supply in war time is an immense subject. The examination of one small corner of it at Fishguard is an engaging experience. Here indeed is nothing to disturb the peace of mind of the inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. With recollections of conditions prevailing in the land and sea transportation of cattle on the hoof some forty-odd years ago, I was prepared to shut my eyes to a little rough usage. Not a bit of it. The setting to my story is the complacent domesticity of a family party of sundry breeds and species on good terms with itself after the jolly discomforts of travel that compares quite extraordinarily well with the state of mind of an average consignment of trippers at the end of a day's excursion to Clacton-on-Sea.

I arrived at Fishguard at 2 a.m., boarded the S.S. *Great Western* which makes the round trip to Waterford thrice weekly, disturbed Captain Low in the midst of his ship's papers, and under his escort went the rounds of a craft where, till we descended to the main and 'tween decks, there was nothing of sight, sound, or any other sense to distinguish it from a first-class passenger boat which, incidentally, it is. Here were no antiquated windscoops, but a perfect ventilating system to suck in fresh air and draw out foul. I had ample time to feel cool foreheads and note the healthy dew on muzzles seeking to investigate my person; to exchange a word with chatty sheep; and coax a monosyllabic response from semi-somnolent swine, till finally I insisted on the captain turning in, and he handed me over to the quartermaster at about 3 o'clock, just as discharging began.

The decks are railed off into pens, each comfortably accommodating eight head, and as each was opened, not a voice — except from the pigs, who must always have something to say — was raised in protest as the occupants were gently encouraged towards the sloping gangway. Here there was nounseemly pushing and scrambling. If a jam seemed to threaten, one Hereford, Polled Angus, or colossal black Scotch steer—for it was a mixed lot—would drop behind into single file with

**ON ARRIVAL AT FISHGUARD** the cattle pass along a narrow tunnel (*left*), and eventually arrive in the spacious pens (*above*), where they are groomed and duly checked in. The whole process is carried out with extraordinary efficiency and the treatment of the animals is remarkably humane

instinctive good manners hardly noticeable at the opening of pit doors. Conspicuous for good breeding was a bunch of Herefords.

When all the cattle were ashore, the drovers started to decant the sheep; principally large Leicesters with nerves in perfect control. One would be embraced and carried half-way up the gangway, and held there to act as a rallying point. The others were then wheedled into stepping forward by a chorus of plaintive "ba-as," pitched to the precise note of there own, and directly they spotted their "marker" they quietly trooped up.

Finally came the pigs; porkers of the eighth month in fine fettle, and some stupendous old pink matriarchs responsible in their time for descendants running far into three figures. Here, of course, there was a little natural self-assertion that had to be disciplined by a slap or two—a tendency towards any road but the right one; but they were got off with little more than the muttering of the malcontent who threatens to write to *The Times* about it. Altogether, rather less fuss than can be seen any day at the meadow gate on the home farm. Then the hose got to work, and there was a thorough scrub out. The average time for discharging is about 50 mins. A full cargo is 600 head; the record for mixed stock, 897. At Waterford the cattle collected for the trip have two hours to feed, rest, and cool off before being taken on board. There were no horses on this occasion. A full consignment is around fifty, with thirty-five stalls.

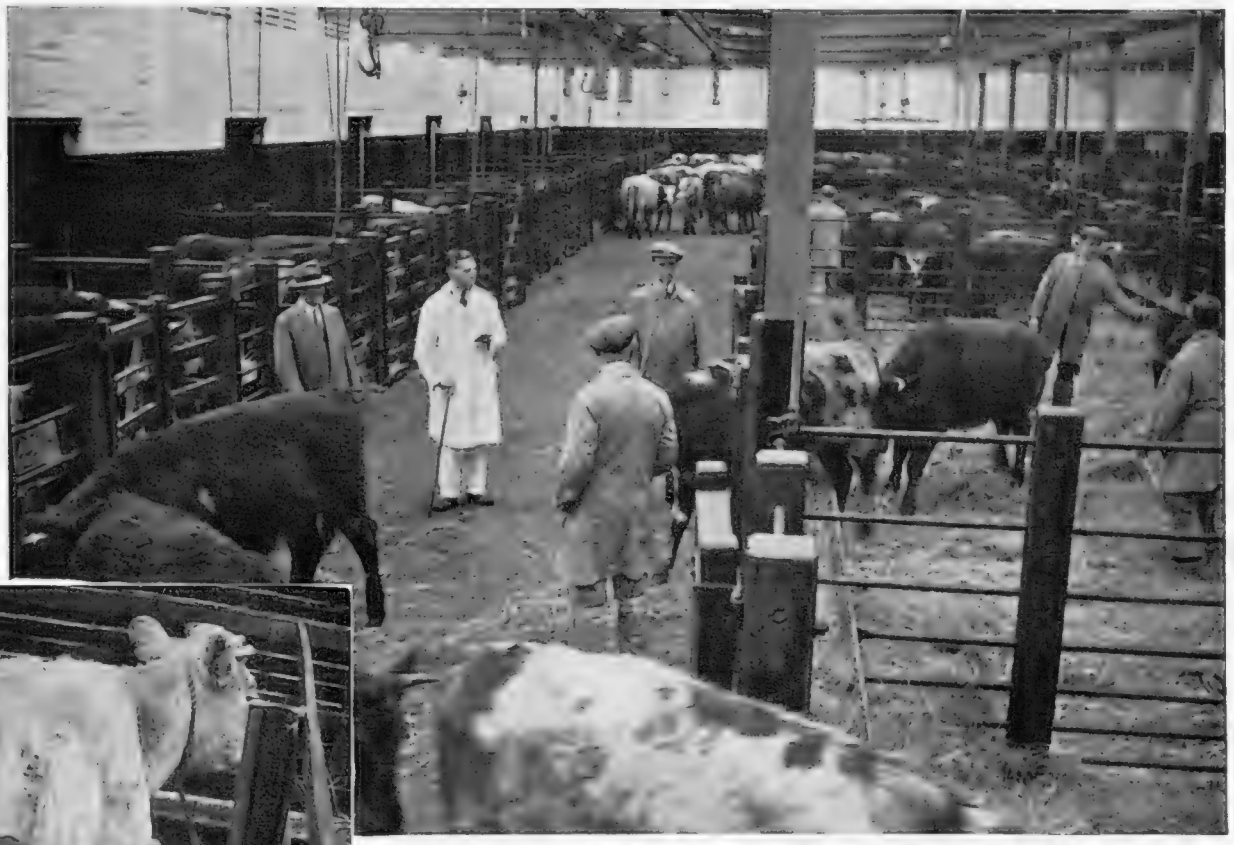
Landed on the quay, there is a walk of about 200 yards to the lairages, or well-equipped system of rest houses for the comfort and refreshment of the travellers who are entertained in quarantine for ten hours and vetted by an official of the Ministry of Agriculture before being shipped all over the country to their respective dealer consignees, and so to the local markets. Each lairage is self-contained, so that the cargo from one vessel can be kept separate from another when special sailings are necessary. Before there was this arrangement, first comers had to remain in their pens till later arrivals had completed their ten hours quarantine; a cause of congestion now removed. There is accommodation for 2,000 head.

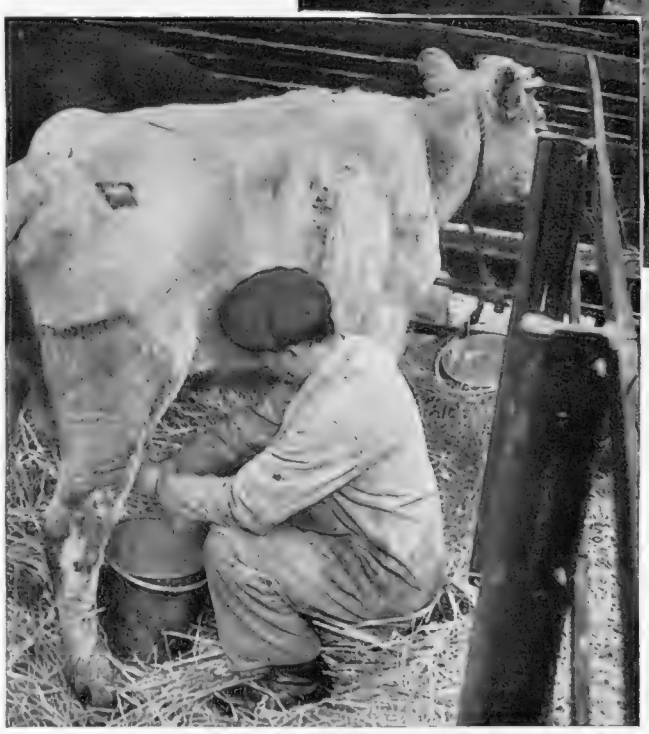
By
INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

After each clearance all bedding is removed, and the stalls are disinfected and furnished with fresh bedding for the next consignment. All operations are directed by the lairage Great Western Railway staff, and are under the personal supervision of a resident portal inspector to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, which ordains that cattle transported from Eire are not to be removed from a landing place unless and until they have been marked by fixing in the left ear of each animal a numbered tag of approved pattern affixed in a manner expeditious and humane. This is locally and quite gratuitously alarmingly known as the Ceremony of the Guillotine. The cattle walk in single file along a narrow gangway, at the end of which there is an arrangement like the old punitive stocks, set vertically—two hinged upright planks, each with a semi-circular scoop at the appropriate height, so that when they are brought together they encompass the animal's neck, his head hanging out on the other side of his stiff collar like the Chinese evil-doer who walks about town with his head protruding from the table top, or *kang*, that rests on his shoulders by a similar

(Cont. on p. 502)

**CALVES ARE OFTEN BORN EN ROUTE,** and there are always skilled cattlemen at Fishguard to see to their welfare. The cattle are kept in quarantine for a statutory period of ten hours and then, after being vetted by an official of the Ministry of Agriculture, are eventually entrained and sent to their respective dealer consignees in various parts of the country





**BEFORE BEING PUT ABOARD THE TRAIN** at Fishguard the cows are milked so that they shall not suffer any discomfort on the journey. They are also milked before they leave Waterford on the boat *(Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis)*

**THE VET. MAKES HIS ROUNDS:** The white-coated cattle doctor examines the stock in the pens at Fishguard before giving permission for it to be sent away to dealer consignees

*On right—*
**ENTRAINING CATTLE AT FISHGUARD:** Irish stock starting out on the last portion of the journey from Ireland to the consignees in England

**PLASTICS ARE EVERYWHERE** and a thousand and one products of this modern age are made from them. This picture was taken for "The Sphere" at Selfridges and shows just a few of the plastics in everyday use

# MOULDING a NEW WORLD

## The Considerable Part That Plastics Play in the Modern Industrial Age

By NOEL THOMPSON

FIFTY years ago you could have been certain that your material comforts would be of a substance you could immediately recognise. You would have said at once that the sheet was silk or cotton, the blanket wool, the door of wood, and the various other fittings and decoration of the house of iron, steel, stone, glass, or some material of which you knew the origin.

But nowadays the world has changed, and the majority of the things with which one comes into daily touch are synthetic or made of a plastic material. In short, domesticity and plasticity go hand in hand, which in a time of compromise and appeasement is fitting.

Appeasement has its limits, however, and the answer is armament. So I was not altogether surprised to find that some of the latest aeroplane propellers are now being cast in a plastic material, as well as dozens of other small parts of an aeroplane, are also plastic.

But let us get back to the basis of plastic material. The first was celluloid, and I have not succeeded in tracing the true inventor, but he gave the basis for cellulose, and hence artificial silk and a score of other things which we might call cousins of plastics.

But it was just thirty-two years ago that, in America, a new world was born through the discovery by Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekaland of a synthetic resin. He took out a master patent for his discovery of the reaction of phenol, which comes from coal, and formaldehyde. And he coined the name for this substance, Bakelite, which is now a household word. Although it is copyright it has suffered the fate of other such words and is now used generally, although it belongs to one huge firm, to describe almost an industry. The patent still exists, the inventor, Dr. Baekaland, is still alive, but the unwitting piratage continues, and the name has passed into the international language.

And here it is time to put a stop to the story that the discovery of synthetic resin was made by accident. Dr. Baekaland had been experimenting for four years when he made the discovery. But popular fiction ascribed the discovery to a wild accident. It is said that a cat upset a bottle of formaldehyde over a cheese (casein) in the doctor's laboratory one night and that the resulting mixture gave the doctor the idea. This is such a good story that I hate to kill it by stating that it has not the slightest foundation in fact.

And so, youthful madam, let me take you through part of a plastic day. Your grandmother, first sleeping in a wooden framed cradle, and laid to rest in a wooden coffin, would not have dreamed of plastic framed cots and plastic coffins. (Yes, I saw a model of a very neat coffin. So neat that I wanted to order one.)

First let me admit to my surprise that there is plastic material in the typewriter on which this article is being prepared, in my cigarette holder, the pen with which corrections are made, the table top, the bowl of flowers in the corner, the window sill, and the door handles of a perfectly ordinary flat.

I should mention that the various forms of the material are very hygienic, because there is carbolic acid, and "bugs" dislike it. I did not know that when I bought my typewriter.

Well, to avoid an overuse of the word plastic, I shall just have to indicate how many times a woman might have an unexpected contact with the synthetic material any morning.

Rise; powder bowl, hair brush back, hair pin tray, hair spray, comb (non-inflammable), bathroom fittings and decoration. Then probably the telephone. The interior is prepared, a powder added, heat applied, and so far as I can make out, the instrument is ready for your use.

Your handbag is full of odd bits of plastic work, the lip-stick holder perhaps, the powder case, the mirror back. A last look at the kitchen shows it everywhere when heat insulation is needed, or in the scrubbing-board. In fact, the more domestic you are the more you will see it.

Catch a bus and the grab-rail is probably of plastic material. Take a taxi and the dashboard and switches, the indicators and the steering wheel almost certainly are.

Even the unshatterable windows probably are, because there is a transparent plastic material. The silk stockings worn are, as I said, a relation, and so may be your dress. Half of the gadgets at your hairdresser's are plastic. Possibly now you feel like going to a cinema for an hour or so.

The film itself is a plastic relation — incidentally Dr. Baekaland invented the Velox film —the lift panelling probably, or the stair rods—you can't get away from the stuff. You might be seeing *The Citadel*, or some other film of miners' life. Well, mining helmets are being made of plastic material. In these days, when thoughts of war crop up so regularly, it is important to note that the War Office are thinking about the successors to tin helmets. Plastic helmets are less than half the weight.

The list could go on for ever with its varnishes, lacquers and cements. Your radio valve is probably set into its cap with one of these cements.

Laminated, or in layers of paper or wood, pressed at a high temperature, practically anything can be produced. And it is about half the weight of aluminium.

It sounds crazy that man has produced something that is stronger and more accurate dimensionally than porcelain; more uniform than mica; more permanent than rubber; more heat resistant than shellac; less apt to shatter than glass; and more water resistant

I may have given the impression that "plastics" are all the same. There are, in fact, two sorts: the Urea type, which can be heated, melted, cast, and melted any number of times, and Dr. Baekaland's speciality, which melts at a certain heat and then solidifies at another finally and for good.

And the amazing thing about these plastics is that they all emerge beautifully polished. Nothing has to be added—the gloss is already there. Even a radio cabinet comes out in its finished state.

It is a comforting thought that if supplies of almost everything were cut off, the British Isles have the coal in abundance and all the other necessary constituents to make plastic goods and the manufacturers say there is no limit to what they can do.

And as a final thought, if you want to telephone me to enlighten you further or complain about this subject, let me tell you that if your call goes through an average London automatic exchange (as it will to reach me) there will be at least 7,000,000 pieces of plastic material in that telephone exchange. And that is 7,000,000 reasons why your call should get through.

### THE PLASTICS

**Bakelite:** A phenol-formaldehyde resin employed of recent years in the manufacture of electrical goods, silent-running gear wheels and a host of other articles.

**Erinoid:** A substance mainly consisting of casein, which is obtained from milk, and used largely in making knitting needles.

**Vulcanite:** Rubber hardened with sulphur.

**Pyroxylin:** This substance, consisting of cotton treated with nitric acid, provides ivory substitutes and other plastics.

**Celluloid:** The first of the plastics, discovered by John Wesley Hyatt, a young New York printer, in 1863.

**A CORRIDOR IN THE "CORONATION SCOT":** Here the ceiling and nearly all of the fittings are made from one or other of the plastic substances

# QUEEN MARY SEES TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY

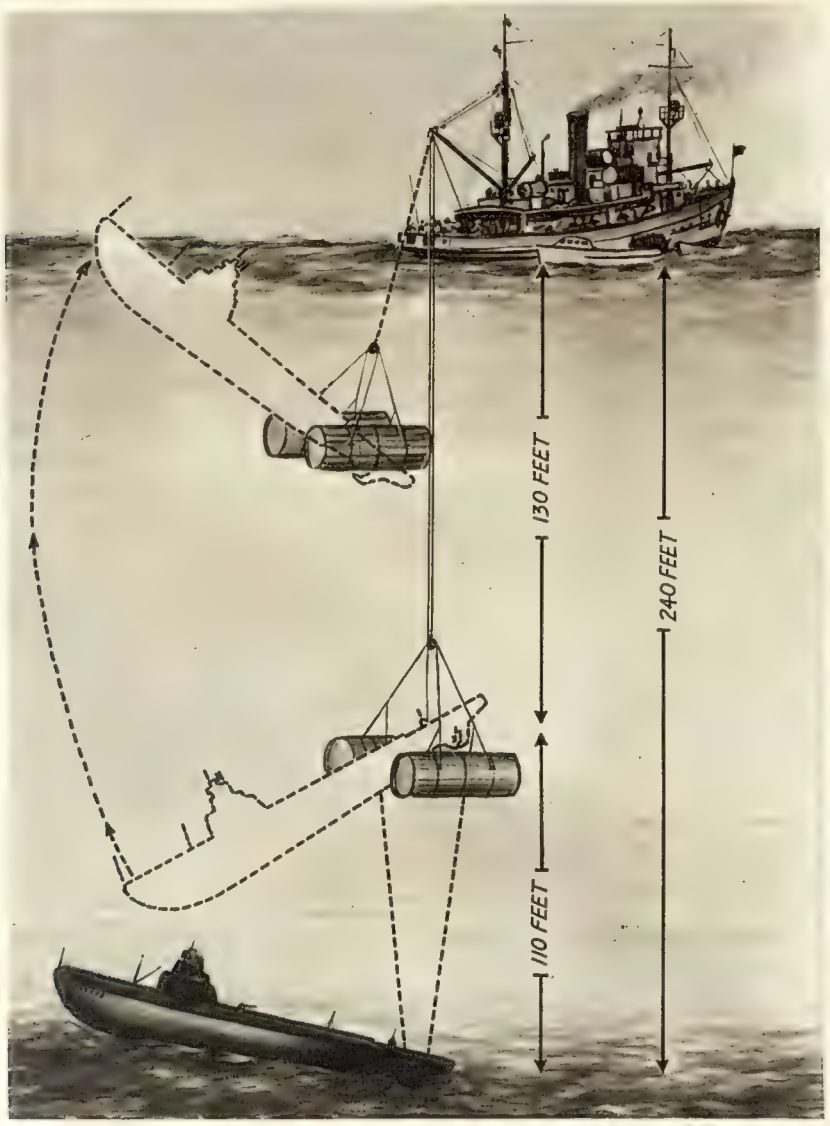
## Her Majesty's First Public Appearance Since Her Accident: The Duke of Gloucester Takes the Salute for the King

QUEEN MARY AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE driving side by side as they left the Horse Guards Parade after attending the Trooping the Colour ceremony. This was Queen Mary's first public appearance since her unfortunate car accident

ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE the Royal Family gathered to watch the march past after the Trooping the Colour. The Duchess of Kent was with her two children, Prince Edward, who will be four years old next October, and two-and-a-half-year-old Princess Alexandra. The youngsters were obviously thrilled by the proceedings. The Princess Royal stood next to Queen Mary

THE DUKES OF GLOUCESTER AND KENT RIDE ON TO THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Their Royal Highnesses pictured at the start of the ceremony of Trooping the Colour—the official celebration of the King's birthday. The Duke of Gloucester, who took the salute, rode a chestnut charger and wore the uniform of a colonel in the Scots Guards. Owing to the absence of the King and Queen the ceremony was slightly altered this year, but it lost little of its traditional splendour. As always, the colour and blending of colours through marching and marching was superb. Only one touch was sadly missed and that was the absence of Foreign Attachés from the Royal procession and the parade. On this occasion they arrived dismounted and sat in the west stand

# RAISING THE "THETIS" AND "SQUALUS": Efforts to Salvage the Two Ill-Fated Submarines




HOW THE U.S. NAVY HAS BEEN PLANNING TO RAISE THE "SQUALUS," the submarine which sank off New Hampshire a week before the *Thetis* sank in Liverpool Bay. Pontoons will be attached to the flooded stern and compressed air will be pumped into the bows of the submarine. The craft should then gradually rise

WINDING GEAR AND A DIVING BELL on board H.M.S. *Tedworth* which has been assisting in the salvaging of the *Thetis*—a task that was brought to a temporary standstill last week when the lifting wires broke. The work is proving exceptionally difficult, partly because it is impossible to get a proper grip on the vessel, partly because of the fast running tides, and partly because the *Thetis* is so loaded down with water in her forward compartments. The water imposes an additional burden estimated at 400 tons

*On left*—
THE "THETIS" INQUIRY JUDGE Mr. Justice Bucknill, of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, as announced by Mr. Chamberlain in Parliament, was chosen last week to examine the causes of the disaster. He had an extensive practice in Admiralty work before he became a Judge

WHERE MORE LIVES WERE NEARLY SACRIFICED: Heavy wire rope cables seen aboard one of the "camels" as the first attempt was being made to raise the *Thetis*. Unfortunately three of the 6-in. cables looped under the *Thetis* to the "camels" snapped at a critical moment and, as one eye-witness said, "came sweeping up from the depths like whiplashes." The men dodged death from the flying strands by racing across the slippery decks of the heaving "camels" and taking refuge behind winches and stanchions. The *Thetis*, safely cradled, was waiting for the "camels" to lift her with the tide when a heavy swell rose before a north-east wind. It is estimated that the swell added another 30 tons' strain on each hawser. Larger cables are now being specially made, and there will inevitably be some delay

# LIFE IN THE UNDER-WATER FLEET: *The Cramped, Ultra-Mechanised Conditions of Submarine Service*

LOADING A TORPEDO during war exercises in a British submarine. It was through No. 5 tube in the *Thetis* that the forward compartments were flooded. The picture also evidences the cramped nature of the quarters in these craft of the under-water fleet, which since the recent disaster have been the subject of such general discussion. What with the cold, the heat, the stifling air when submerged, the strictly limited accommodation—not to speak of the never absent risk—existence on board a submarine is of a type that can only be endured, or appreciated, by the adventurous and those who enjoy the working of clever mechanisms. Fortunately there is always a sufficiency of volunteers for the submarine service, who are further attracted by the advantage of additional pay

*On left*—
IN THE CONTROL ROOM: A submarine officer keeps his eye on the periscope while the vessel is under water and men stand ready at the controls to take his orders. This picture also evidences the cramped nature of the accommodation in a submarine. On the surface most submarines are driven by Diesel engines burning heavy oil, for petrol fumes are too dangerous in the confined space of the hull. When under water, Diesels cannot be used on account of the lack of air, and electric motors are employed

# HOMAGE ABOVE THE

## A Memorial Service at Sea for the Ninety-nine

IN AN ANGUISHED HOUR: This was the poignant scene aboard the minesweeper *Hebe* as a funeral service was held in Liverpool Bay above the spot where the *Thetis* sank. Many grief-stricken relatives were present, and at the close a firing squad lined up on the minesweeper *Seagull* (*left*) and fired three volleys

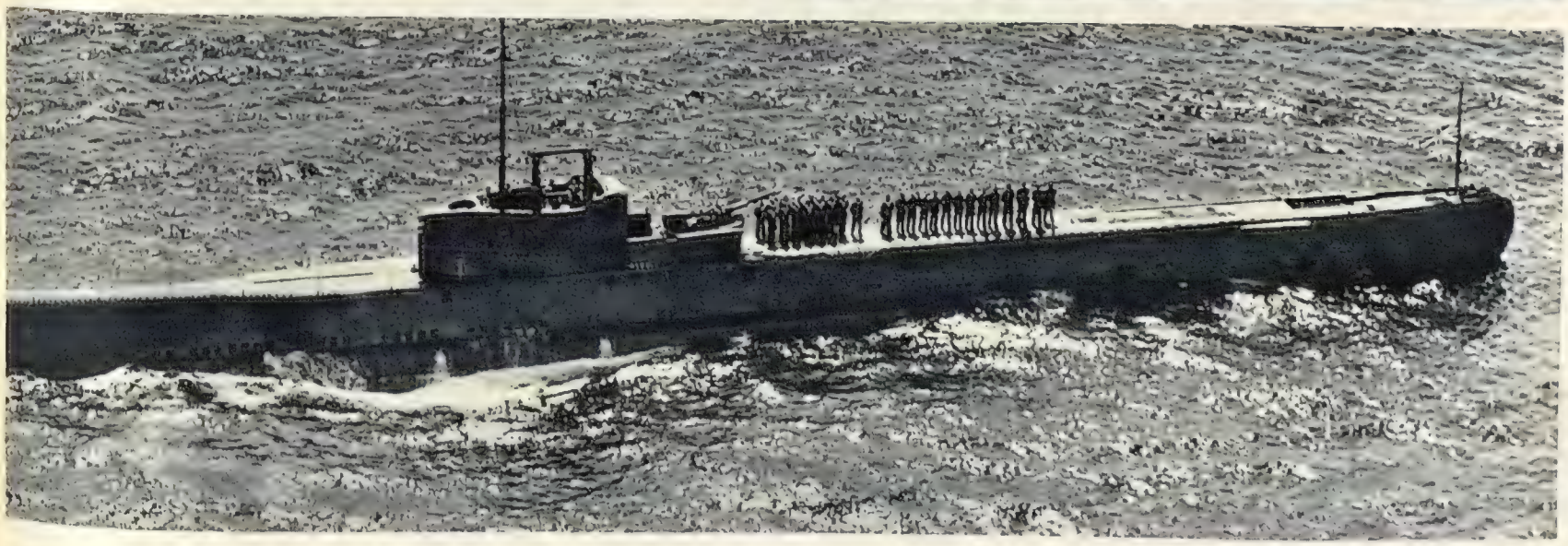
*On left*—FOR THE OCEAN GRAVE: Some of the hosts of wreaths on board the *Hebe* before the minesweeper left Liverpool to take part in the service held above the sunken *Thetis*

*On right*—LAST HOMAGE from members of the crew of the submarine *Cachalot*, who lined the deck as a volley was fired from the forecastle of the *Seagull* above the scene of the *Thetis* wreck

# IE ILL-FATED "THETIS"

ine Men who Perished in the Submarine Disaster

*On right*—ON THE GENTLE SWELL above the spot where the *Thetis* sank sailors cast wreaths of lovely blossoms that had been brought by relatives and friends of the lost men. The service on board the *Hebe* was intensely impressive in its simplicity. At the same time services were held in many parts of the country



"I HAVE MARK'D A THOUSAND BLUSHING APPARITIONS START INTO HER FACE; A THOUSAND INNOCENT SHAMES IN ANGEL WHITENESS BEAR AWAY THOSE BLUSHES": Friar Francis (W. E. Holloway) defends Hero (Margaret Vines) who has fallen to the ground in despair after hearing the condemnation of Claudio. A dramatic episode in *Much Ado About Nothing* with which the summer season has been started at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. *On right*—Beatrice (Cathleen Nesbitt) and Benedick (D. A. Clarke-Smith) share a tender moment

# Cyanide For

WHAT were Dr. Harold Dearden and Mr. Roland Pertwee really about when they fashioned this queer play, *To Kill a Cat*, at the Aldwych Theatre—apart, of course, from the perfectly legitimate object of making as much money as possible for themselves by means of as long a run as may be? Rarely have I known such an odd combination of styles and dramatic ideas, so ill-assorted a collection of incredible people. If the aim was mere entertainment of the more superficial sort, let me say at once that the play is, up to a point, entertaining; that at any rate parts of it entertained me.

Was there some subtle literary significance in the fact that the chief female character was a Mrs. Proust? The unsuccessful attempts to kill, "because he was given to wandering," the harmless necessary cat of the harmful unnecessary household of the Prousts, and the further attempt to kill (with the same bottle of cyanide of potassium) the cattish Mrs. Proust were obviously linked by some symbolic meaning. But certainly in the first case the penalty was far too severe; after all, Dr. Dearden and Mr. Pertwee have been much "given to wandering" in this piece of theirs, but I do not suggest that on that account Dr. Dearden should administer a deadly poison to his collaborator and then swallow some himself.

Was the stage doctor, who lived with the Prousts as, apparently, a non-paying guest and drank lots and lots of their whisky (or, to be more accurate, Mrs. Proust's whisky, for she had the money), also merely a symbolic figure, or can such a person ever have existed? For this stage doctor, whom that skilled actor, Mr. J. H. Roberts, worked indefatigably to make credible and even lovable, not only tried to murder the woman in whose house he was living free and alcoholically, but in a long and lovable speech which came much too late in the evening, recited a sort of Credo of the medical profession; regretted that he had himself lapsed so far from its high ideals; and explained that he had just done his daily good deed and had atoned as far as possible for the past by putting cyanide of potassium into the bed-time glass of milk of the woman on whom he had been sponging, simply because she was a bit arrogant and bumptious about her wealth and liked to make people around her behave as she wished, particularly since she was prepared to pay, and in most cases did pay, them for their trouble.

As the authors had to keep their old doctor lovable, if clumsy, to the very end, they reveal that Mrs. Proust actually died of a heart attack and that the doctor had misfired, as he had done in a more literal sense when he shot at the real cat with a gun right at the beginning of the play, before anyone had had a chance to say anything.

However, the death of Human Cat Mrs. Proust enabled Tame Dog Mr. Proust to marry Mrs. Proust's sweetly sympathetic secretary (Mrs. Margaretta Scott) without scandal, and other equally incredible characters to sort themselves out into some kind of happy ending.

In spite of two deaths and one attempted murder—for in addition to Mrs. Proust the gardener's little daughter died because the lovable doctor had been too occupied with a game of bridge and too full of whisky to attend to her—there were many moments when *To Kill a Cat* seemed to be setting out to be a light comedy. As such it has several amusing lines, smartly delivered by Mr. Clifford Mollison, who in addition sang a song to his own piano accompaniment. His part is that

*On left*—
"WHAT! COURAGE, MAN! WHAT THOUGH CARE KILLED A CAT, THOU HAST METTLE ENOUGH IN THEE TO KILL CARE": Claudio (Christopher Quest) jests at Benedick (D. A. Clarke-Smith) who has come forward with a challenge. Seated between them is Don Pedro (Cecil Ramage) in this scene from *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Open Air Theatre

# MRS. PROUST

## *Enid Stamp-Taylor's Fine Acting As a Virago; Shakespeare Reappears in Regent's Park*

By
PHILIP PAGE

of an unscrupulous waster with no morals but with a sense of humour. He is first seen as a returning member, wearing the red tie of all good little Communists, of the International Brigade in Spain; then as the father-about-to-be of a preposterous parlour-maid's illegitimate child; and finally as a blackmailer. The character is at least intended to be funny.

I could not understand what that parlour-maid was meant to be; she listened at keyholes, she insulted her employers, and she spouted Biblical quotations with horrid fanaticism which won a few laughs, though I doubt whether they should have done. How so close a relation of the servant played by Miss Beatrix Lehmann in *They Walk Alone* managed to stray into this piece I know not. All I know is that I would have sacked her at once, in the improbable event of my having engaged her at all.

A most certain and welcome fact in this evening of strange uncertainty was the excellence of the performance of Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor as the foul Mrs. Proust who paid rather too heavy a price for her foulness. Her suggestion of a hard mean soul beneath an attractive exterior carried conviction in plenty.

**Sir Thomas Beecham's "Ring."**—The amount of work Sir Thomas Beecham has done in the short but interesting season of opera which is now in its last nights at Covent Garden is almost fantastic. In addition to the exceptional labours and anxieties of his behind-the-scenes job as director-in-chief—exceptional because of international unrest which hits such exotic luxury trades as grand opera with a good hard smack which takes some surviving—he has been more active than ever as a conductor.

He has conducted *The Bartered Bride*, *Don Giovanni*, the first performance of *Tristan and Isolde* (the second he handed over to Mr. Basil Cameron who, from all accounts, did extremely well), and he is now in charge of the sole cycle of *The Ring*. His *Rheingold*, which is usually the gloomiest of that gloomy tetralogy, was the most electrifying I have ever known. He managed to infuse, if not actually humour, at any rate some live humanity into those stiff gods and goddesses, and he seemed to reveal more and more beauties in that amazing score. The orchestra played superbly.

He was helped, of course, by a fine cast. Herr Paul Schoeffler is new to us as Wotan, though he is known in lighter parts. (He is also a good comedian, as those who remember him as the Devil in *Schwanda*—a charming work which should be taken down from the shelf—will agree.) His Wotan is not among the very greatest but it is very good. Madame Thorborg was an unconventional Fricka in that it is rare, if not unprecedented, to find that Wagnerian Mrs. Caudle played by a really beautiful woman. She also sang beautifully.

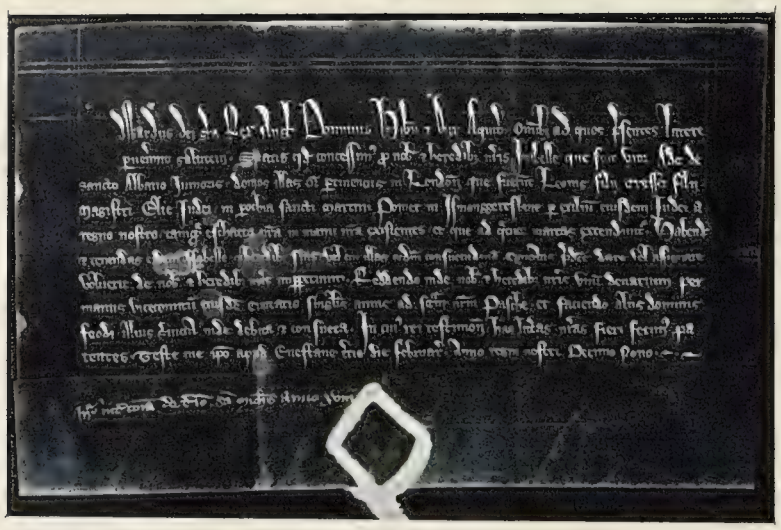
Praise in plenty should go, too, to the English members of the company—to Miss Josephine Wray as Freia, to Mr. Henry Wendon as Froh, and to Mr. Arnold Matters, one of our finest operatic baritones, as Donner. Mr. Matters made a name for himself at Sadler's Wells in the title role of Verdi's *Falstaff*.

**"Louise" (Film).**—And now what of filmed opera? We have already had some of it, of course—notably *One Night of Love*, which was not too bad but at the same time not too good. The film version of Gustave Charpentier's *Louise*, which I have just seen at the Carlton Theatre, is by a long chalk the most ambitious attempt so far, and I wish I could say that it is wholly successful. Alas, it is successful only to a very limited degree.

The real trouble is, I think, that an effort has been made to please both the film public and the operatic public, with the unfortunate result that it has inevitably offended both, for they do not overlap. The musical folk jib at the necessary film conventions and the equally necessary sacrifice of much music they like. The film folk—and I can scarcely blame them—feel that operatic singers in action, with their faces and grimaces hugely magnified in those "close-ups," are rather ridiculous, as, in fact, they are. For this Miss Grace Moore in the title role (which she has often sung on the operatic stage) can hardly be blamed, nor can M. Georges Thil, as her lover, Julien. In short, the thing falls with a dull and heavy thud between two schools of entertainment.

**THE MARRIAGE OF CLAUDIO AND HERO:** With all misunderstandings at an end, the young Florentine (Christopher Quest) weds the daughter of Leonato (Margaret Vines). Watching the proceedings are (left) Leonato (Tristan Rawson), Antonio (D. G. Milford), and Beatrice (Cathleen Nesbitt). *Below*—"Strike up, Pipers"—The play concludes with dancing

**RUTH DRAPER IN LONDON AGAIN:** After eighteen months absence in Australia and the Far East the famous diseuse has just started her twelfth London season at the Vaudeville. *Left*—A new portrait of her. *Centre*—Miss Draper as the secretary in her popular sketch *Three Women and Mr. Clifford*. *Right*—As an Italian woman in her sketch *In a Church in Florence*



A ROYAL GIFT: This document, which is now on exhibition in the library of St. Paul's in connection with the 700th anniversary of the birth of Edward I, represents a grant by the King of certain houses in Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside. It is dated 1291

# 700 YEARS AGO TO-DAY

## Edward I, One of England's Greatest Kings, was Born in Westminster : A Commemorative Exhibition is Held in St. Paul's Library

TO-DAY, June 17, 1939, marks the 700th anniversary of the birth of Edward I, one of England's greatest kings, and it is only fitting that there should be a commemorative exhibition. It is being held in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In his day Edward was admired and loved by his countrymen. To posterity he bequeathed the Parliamentary system but, despite his sober love of the law, his hobby was errant chivalry and at his Round Table of Kenilworth he revived King Arthur's romantic customs. His birth was hailed with special joy, for it was feared the Queen was barren. Four days after his birth the child was baptised and was called Edward, after Edward the Confessor, whose memory was highly honoured by the King. Among his sponsors was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester.

His name points to a newly-awakened pride that was now felt by the English people in their nationality, and men were pleased to trace the descent of their king's son from Alfred.

Edward was knighted at Burgos in 1254 at which place and time he met and married his first wife. He was proclaimed King, November 20, 1272, and crowned August 19, 1274. In 1283 he united the Principality of Wales to the Crown.

He claimed and exercised feudal superiority over Scotland, into which he made four victorious expeditions: and took away its regalia and Coronation Stone which he sent to Westminster.

Edward married, firstly, in 1254, Eleanor of Castile, who died November 27, 1290. She was much beloved by her husband who caused memorial crosses to be erected at each of the twelve places where her coffin rested from Lincoln to Westminster.

He married secondly at Canterbury, in 1299, Margaret of France, who died in 1317 and who was buried at Grey Friars.

Edward died at Burgh-on-Sands, near Carlisle, July 7, 1307, aged sixty-eight, and was buried at Westminster in the following October.

Edward was an outstanding ruler and perhaps one of the best estimates of his character is that of the great historian John Richard Green who wrote: "Edward's very temper was English to the core. In good as in evil he stands out as the typical representative of the race he ruled; like them, wilful and imperious, tenacious of his rights, indomitable in his pride, dogged, stubborn, slow of apprehension, narrow in sympathy; but like them, too, just in the main, unselfish, laborious, conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious."

G. H.

THE GREAT SEAL OF EDWARD I is also included among the exhibits in St. Paul's library. On the obverse the King is shown crowned, habited in a furred robe, and seated on a state chair of carved wood.

The inscription round the edge includes his title of Dux Aquitanie. The reverse shows the King in the role of "Hammer of the Scots," mounted on a galloping charger, clad in full armour, and brandishing a sword high aloft

# IS THIS SHAKESPEARE'S WRITING?

## A British Museum Expert Brings Forward Some New and Intriguing Evidence

CONTROVERSY over the handwriting of Shakespeare has been almost as fierce as controversy over the Shakespeare–Bacon question and of late both have flared up anew.

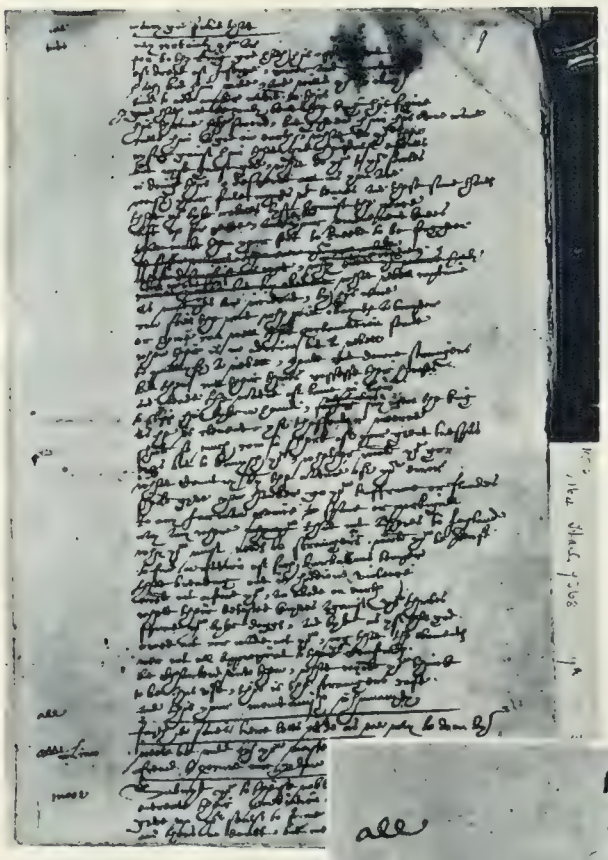
Regarding the handwriting, Dr. Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum, recently declared at a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, where he delivered the Giff Edmonds Memorial Lecture, that although no manuscript of the known plays or poems of Shakespeare had appeared, it had, nevertheless, been argued by weighty authorities and on strictly reasonable grounds that we possessed three pages in his handwriting in manuscript in the British Museum. This was in the play of Sir Thomas More in the Harleian MS. 7368. If that contention could be maintained we had recovered an invaluable aid to the textual criticism of his work, and we were relieved for ever from the wearisome assertion that anybody else but Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare.

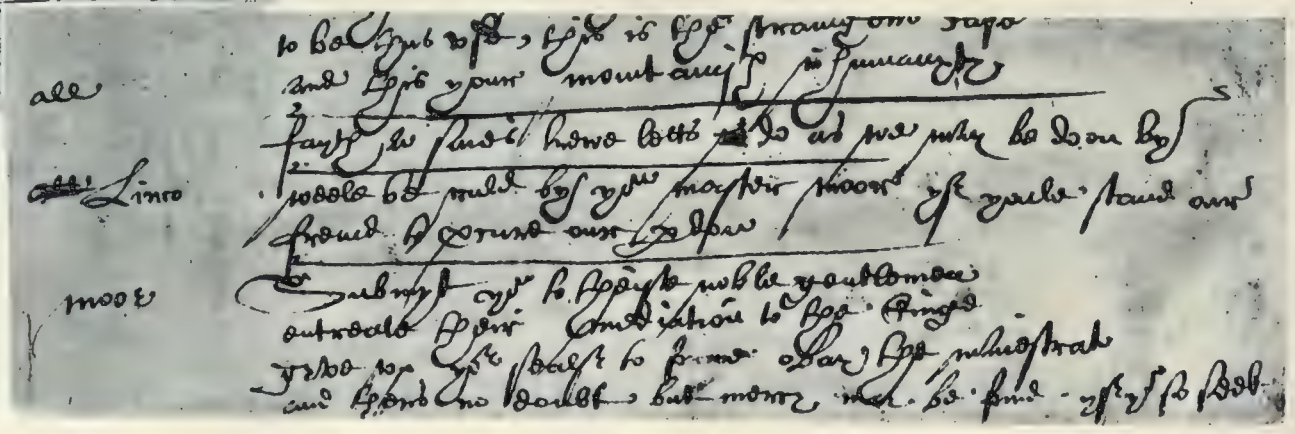
The conditions under which these pages were written, declared Dr. Flower, implied that they were the original composition of a journeyman dramatist called in by his company to patch up a play to certain features of which the censor might be expected to object. The great lawyer or the magnificent nobleman whom the wild theorists preferred to Shakespeare did not fit easily into that role. The full discussion of all the points involved in this controversy would carry him into fields of scholarship where he had no sort of right to profess an opinion. But as one who had been under the necessity of coming to conclusions on questions of handwriting he might perhaps be permitted to register the impression that the palæographical arguments advanced in this controversy had made upon him. They would remember the conditions under which the play —a very composite work as we had it—came into being.

The company with which Shakespeare was associated proposed to produce a play dealing with certain episodes in the life of Sir Thomas More and the original draft was felt to be in danger of falling under the ban of the censor. Considerable portions were rewritten, and three pages on various grounds were claimed for Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's admitted writing was known to us from six signatures alone, all written in rather exceptional circumstances towards the end of his life and varying from one another to an extraordinary extent. It was important to note that, in spite of this remarkable difference in the

(Continued on page 502)





HARLEIAN MS. 7368: It is this page and two others in the play about Sir Thomas More in the British Museum that are thought to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare. The opinion that this was so was advanced by Dr. Flower, Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts, when delivering the Giff Edmonds Memorial Lecture. *On right*—A close-up of the script which, it is said, has a certain distinct relation to the six so-called Shakespearean signatures

**THE GRACE OF TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA:** A dramatic action study of this brilliant exponent of ballet taken during a performance of *Coq d'Or*. The season of Russian Ballet starts at Covent Garden next Monday, and Riabouchinska will, of course, be among the stars. Bumper audiences are assured, for Londoners have never been more ballet conscious and would seem to have a very proper appreciation of the finer points of this particular stage medium

## RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Anton Dolin, talented English ballet star, and Irina Baronova in *Aurora's Wedding*, always a popular feature of the ballet season. Baronova first came into the limelight in 1933, when she appeared in several leading roles in London

# THE SCRAMBLE FOR EAST AFRICA: A Topical Book on the Unending Colonial Question

THE most topical of the books this week is Professor R. Coupland's **THE EXPLOITATION OF EAST AFRICA** (Faber and Faber. 25s.), a scholarly work designed to illustrate two phases of East African colonisation from 1856 to 1890. The first part of the book is devoted to a review of the slave trade and to the English efforts to stop this exploitation of the natives by the Arabs.

In those days the slave trade was maintained by raids on African villages, in the course of which thousands of natives were captured yearly, driven across the country to the coast, many of them dying on the way till the road was lined with the bones of dead slaves, and finally sold, under the most inhuman conditions, in Zanzibar.

It was through the representations of such explorers as Dr. Livingstone and Richard Burton that the facts of this horrible commerce became known in England, and that the British attack on the trade was started. The climax, and it was a dramatic one, was the presentation of an ultimatum to the Sultan and his Arab councillors. This was accepted, and a treaty signed by Kirk, the political agent at Zanzibar, and the Sultan, Barghash-bin-Said. With this treaty the machinery for abolishing the slave trade was put into motion, and a great step taken in the pursuit of civilisation.

The second half of Professor Coupland's book deals with what he calls the "international scramble" of foreign governments to get a footing in East Africa, and it is this section, in view of Germany's present attitude to Tanganyika, that should interest us most at the moment.

The chief point that emerges from the description of the "scramble" up to 1884 is that, in Professor Coupland's opinion, the only European Power which had any kind of claim in East Africa was Britain. He also asserts that on at least four occasions the British Government, or British commercial interests, were given an opportunity of establishing so complete a control over East Africa that no other Power could have contested.

The last four chapters are devoted to a discussion of the German claims in East Africa. Here Professor Coupland reveals the methods by which, under pressure from Bismarck, France and England ceded what is now Tanganyika to Germany. On the Delimitation Commission, which was appointed to consider this question on the spot, was young Colonel Kitchener, whose frank dispatches on the subject of the "unanimous report" that finally had to be signed make remarkable reading.

Whether or not this book is intelligent and timely propaganda, it is well worth reading to any student of world affairs, and the quantity of hitherto unpublished material, letters and dispatches that it includes should make it a work of lasting importance.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong's new novel, **THE OPEN SKY** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), is written, as one might expect from a poet, with grace and feeling. I have yet to find the poet who would write bad prose, that seems a fault reserved for those who have no regard for words, but only for effect. Mr. Strong manages his effect satisfactorily: the intrusion of a city-bred neurotic on a primitive community, and he manages his situations as if competent technique were always the accompaniment of a sensitive perception.

For this book is less a novel than a study, and an extremely effective study, of a man whose intense concentration on the problems of his own mind and nature leads him to the very borders of reason. Eternally dissecting, analysing and justifying himself, it surprises none of his acquaintances that he should suffer a severe nervous breakdown. In his case a very real thing, both physically and mentally.

A friendly doctor prescribes a few months on a remote island off the west coast of Ireland, supervises the journey and the arrival and leaves his patient, David, to be cured by the strong, pure air, the loneliness, and the aloof dignity of the handful of islanders whom he will meet. Here lies the book's chief interest, for these islanders are far from the conventionally simple souls of film and fiction. They are superstitious, unsophisticated, even naïve, but, except in one case, they lack that noble and ox-like directness usually beloved of the novelist.

David, visiting the lovely, mountainous island for peace, finds every kind of discord, most of which the islanders attribute directly to his presence. Hysteria, fighting, theft, even attempted murder, shatter that tranquillity which, at first sight, seems to be an essential part of the island's beauty. A girl, the pretty, unacknowledged daughter of a famous painter, falls a little in love with David and helps him back to sanity, but it is the parish priest with his imperturbable good humour and slovenliness and acuity who really succeeds in giving his life direction again.

"I want you to tell me," asks David towards the story's close, and still not cured from his ruling passion of self-absorption, "out of your experience of people, whether I seem to you—mentally affected, or likely to be."

"You seem to me," returns Father Morrissey bluntly, "pretty much the regulation city neurotic, blaming his parents for everything that happens to him."

David goes back to his tidy-minded little wife, and with every hour in her company the island people seem to recede in his memory, like figures on the shore, growing smaller as the boat pulls away.

"We must come here again, when I'm well."

"It would be lovely."

In those two lines of typically compact dialogue all is said that need be said of David's half-tragedy, and a novel of sensibility and distinction comes to its close.

*The* WORLD OF BOOKS *By* Vernon Fane

The most enchanting book of memoirs I have read for some time comes from General Sir Ian Hamilton who, at the fine age of eighty-six, has been reviewing his childhood and boyhood memories, though with much more spirit than one usually finds in such nostalgic writings. That distance that lends enchantment has not been allowed to distort Sir Ian's recollections and he has avoided that pitfall of the Victorian chronicler, by which all geese become swans and the good old days are represented as a perfect paradise of hansom cabs and good fellows.

**WHEN I WAS A BOY** (Faber and Faber. 18s.) has a charm which is difficult to describe. There is nothing wistful about it, as there might be about the memories of someone writing of a dead and half-forgotten world. Sir Ian was preparing for Sandhurst during the first year of the Franco-Prussian war. That is in 1870—nearly seventy years ago—yet since that time his vitality seems scarcely to have flagged and he has the mental energy and the high spirits and the sound common sense that many a man of twenty might envy.

Travelling with Mr. Charles Graves must be an exhilarating experience, when it is not quite literally exhausting. In **YOU'RE WELCOME** (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) he records his impressions of a recent American tour during which he flew from side to side of the continent, visited the south, stayed with friends in Hollywood, where he was met by Marlene Dietrich at the airport, and made no less than four visits to New York, all in the space of five weeks, a clear case of "That's Mr. Graves—that was!"

This is a typical afternoon's programme for this intrepid traveller, and it was, let me add, carried out after an early morning tour of the town, eighteen holes of golf, and lunch. The town is Savannah, by the way, right in the heart of the *Gone With the Wind* country. "My memories of it include the Paper Bag Company, the Sugar Refinery, both on the river; Gordonstown, a charming residential section, full of elms and oaks; the Pink House, now a charming little restaurant . . . the Mid-day Club; the little white house with the green roof near Boney's welding shop; the original Sunday school founded by John Wesley; the memorial to Tomo Chichi Mico of the Yamacraws . . . the synagogue, built queerly in the form of a cross, the Methodist church, St. John's Episcopal church, and the first Baptist church . . ."

Admirable, indefatigable Mr. Graves!

In the leisure moments which, surprisingly, occur from time to time, Mr. Graves reviews and commends the American spirit, American hospitality and American catering and ends with a cheerful note, as he sails for England—"I've got the best five weeks of my life under my belt . . ."

**CALL THE TUNE,** by Barbara Goolden (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is a study of three sisters from the moment when their family life must change direction on the death of their mother. It was Irene, the eldest and the only unmarried one, who was most deeply stirred, for she was devoted to her mother.

Greta could extract the kind of comfort from life which is the easy acquisition of the materialistic and worldly; while Lettice was able to lavish upon her child the emotional manifestations of an extrovert, to the exclusion of a husband who had no other recourse than to be unfaithful. Irene's problem was much more complex, since the revolutionary and forceful McEwan was not everybody's cup of tea. Brilliant, erratic, eccentric, he was a type whom ordinary humdrum people dislike and distrust, but whom some intelligent people find interesting, and, indeed, stimulating. Like most strong-minded women, Irene could be very intense in a love affair; and the battle was not made easier by the favourable view her sisters took of a less picturesque suitor.

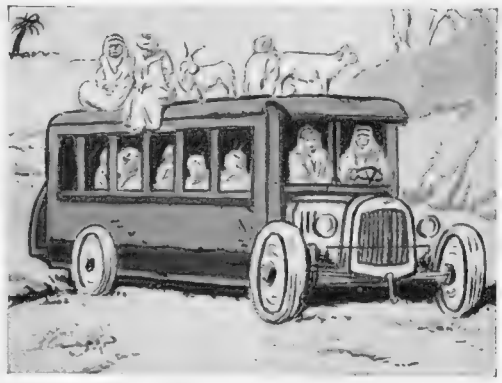
Tchekov, of course, has created a masterpiece on this theme; and although none of these sisters quite so badly wants to go to Moscow, there is a subtle conflict between Irene, with her clear and inquiring mind, and with the strength to take the consequences of life the better to enjoy its fleeting, but lovely, moments, and the other two, who can take refuge along easier emotional paths.

The trend of the modern novel being in the direction of loose thinking and looser technique, it is a real pleasure to come across a book by a writer of Miss Barbara Goolden's competence and confidence. Her work has a distinction all the more notable because it is unspectacular; and, unlike most writers who plunge into the psychological *nuances* of family life as related to the larger problems of the day, she is able to embellish her technique with a rare sense of humour, and with some shrewd reflections upon and asides from the general scene.

It is time that some of the higher critics began to take notice of Miss Barbara Goolden; but that perhaps is too much to expect from Bloomsbury, particularly at the moment, aching, as it is, with conscription and conflicting ideologies.

---

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**—STANLEY PAUL.—UNNATURAL DEEDS. By Elizabeth Nisot. 7s. 6d. RELIGIOUS BOOKS CLUB.—ON EAGLES' WINGS. By Arthur E. Southon. 2s. 6d. CRISIS FOR CHRISTIANITY. By William Teeling. 2s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—UNDER THIRTY: An Anthology. Edited by Michael Harrison. 8s. 6d. SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB.—OTHER MEN'S LIVES: A Study of Primitive Peoples. By Sir George Dunbar. 2s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—MEN MUST ACT. By Lewis Mumford. 3s. 6d. OCTOBER DAY. By Frank Griffin. 7s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—MY LIFE IN RUSSIA'S SERVICE—THEN AND NOW. By H.I.H. the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia. Illustrated. 15s.



A SAHARA BUS: A drawing by Mary Gordon West from the dust jacket of *By Bus to the Sahara*

## "BY BUS TO THE SAHARA"

### A Revealing Travel Book

They are longing to go to Paris, for there is nothing whatever to do in the little town where they live except to visit Meknes by bus. "Meknes is their metropolis, with its cinemas, shops and restaurants. There are young men at Meknes, too."

Gordon West has been to the Sahara by bus in company with his wife, Mary Gordon West, and the result of their combined journey is an entertaining volume entitled *By Bus to the Sahara*, published by John Gifford (10s. 6d.). Their bus journeying started from Tangier and took them through Meknes, Aszrou, Ksar el Souk, and westward, south of the Grand Atlas to Marrakesh, Casablanca, and so back to Tangier. They, of course, discovered that the desert is not all golden sand dune, and that the desert temperature drops violently at night, so that having been roasted by day you find your teeth chattering as you gaze at the wonderful pageant of stars.

But they discovered much else concerning modern Morocco which makes the book well worth reading. Their sidelights, for instance, concerning the young French folk who have been born and bred in the French quarters of Moroccan towns. They take tea at Aszrou with pretty young girls of nineteen or so, who have never been out of Morocco.

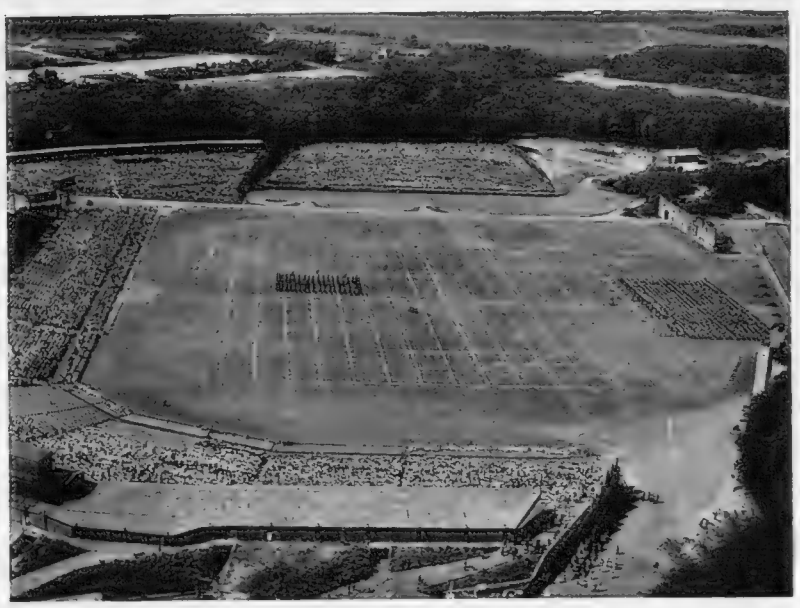
The Wests observed the Arab population with equally keen perception; they penetrated the mysterious alley-ways of *souks*, and discovered much that was pleasant and sometimes the reverse. They hear a strange whistling sound which turns out to be Arab applause. "The beaters of tom-toms stand round the door. There is a great talking and singing and laughter among the women, and sometimes they break into a strange chorus of high-pitched sound which is their method of showing applause and appreciation. I can describe it best by telling how it is produced. First form your lips into a small 'o', slightly bunched up, as though you were on the point of saying 'when.' Hold that, and make a co-ing sound, like a child imitating the whistle of a railway engine; and at the same time rapidly move your tongue to and fro across the inside of your lips. Imagine a score or more people making this sound simultaneously, and you will know what Moroccan applause sounds like."

P. H.

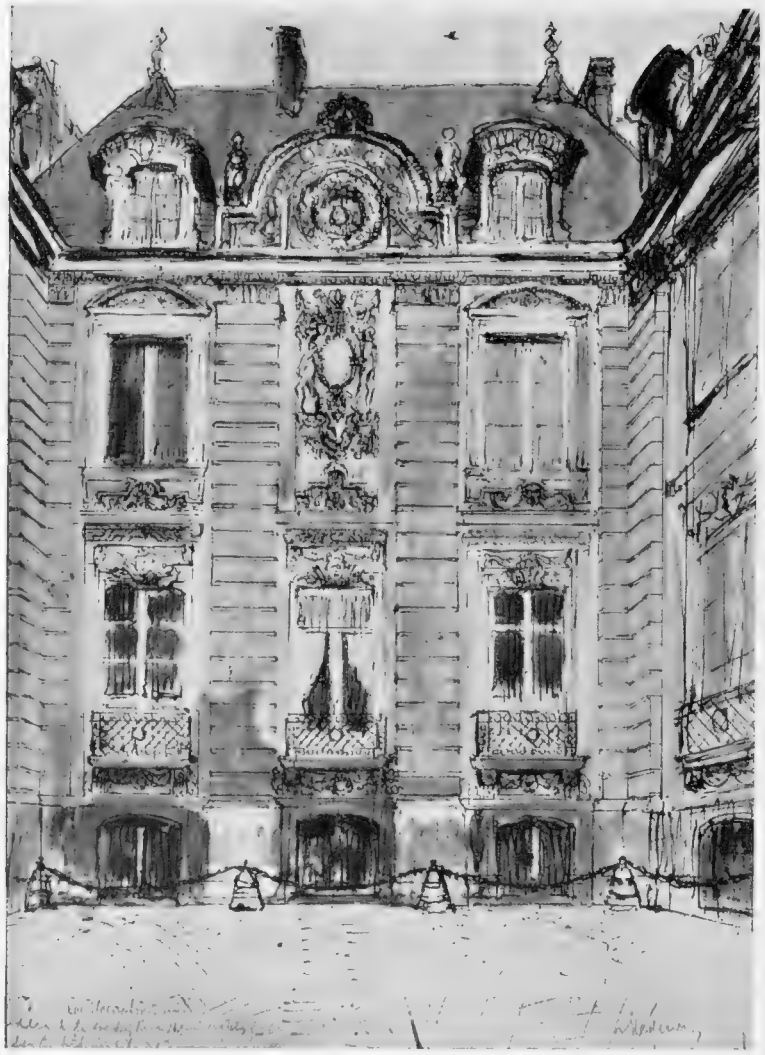
# YOUTH IN THE OPEN :

## Madrigal Singing on the Cam—70,000 School Boys and Girls See the Tattoo

ON THE BANKS OF THE CAM a great throng gathered last week to hear the Cambridge University Madrigal Society singing madrigals by King's College Bridge. Across the lawn in the background rises the stately chapel of King's College, which was built in 1446-1515 and has quite one of the finest interiors in all England



CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: An aerial view of the great arena during the performance on June 6 when 70,000 youngsters from schools all over the south and west of England and the Midlands were privileged to see a spectacular display of military pageantry under perfect conditions. The intent expressions on the faces of the children (*on left and below*) evidence the measure of their interest. One youth, with his telescope and sailor hat, provided a naval touch to what were otherwise strictly military proceedings



FORCEFUL PEN AND WASH: This drawing of the Hotel d'Aligre, Rouen, is the work of Lord Methuen, who is giving a one-man show at the Colnaghi Galleries. The curtains of the hotel are bright yellow and the roof is of blue slate

"OVER THE DOWNS": A landscape by Loxton Knight, who is now holding a show at the Brook Street Galleries largely consisting of pictures of the English countryside. Impressions of London by night are also being shown

# LORD METHUEN DEPICTS OLD ROUEN

## A One-Man Exhibition of Drawings at Colnaghi's: The Art of Loxton Knight: New Acquisitions at the V. and A.

A DOORWAY IN ROUEN: The entrance to the Hotel d'Aligre, Rouen. A drawing by Lord Methuen in his exhibition at Colnaghi's Galleries. The artist is deeply interested in the portrayal of architectural detail, especially that of the French Renaissance period. Lord Methuen's father was the soldier of South African war fame

LORD METHUEN'S delightfully free drawings and water-colour sketches at the Colnaghi Galleries are very able reflections of the charm of architectural detail, especially of the French Renaissance.

"Rouen: Hotel d'Aligre" (No. 17) is particularly outstanding—the bright yellow curtains and blue slate roof making an excellent contrast to the clear pen work and wash in the grey stone building. "St. Paul's Cathedral" (No. 20) is another example of forceful penmanship.

* * *

Tea-drinking in England became a fashionable and popular amusement during the later half of the seventeenth century—and with its more general use the teapot established itself as a necessary household requisite.

A rare and early example in silver-gilt has recently been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum from the private collection of the late Mr. Lionel A. Crichton. The earliest known English silver teapot bears the London hall-mark for 1670 and has been in the possession of the museum for some considerable time—the present example, however, indicates from its decoration that it was also inspired during the reign of Charles II, although the mark of its maker, R. H., in a shaped escutcheon, has not been recorded earlier than 1687.

The shaping of this delightful little silver-gilt teapot is clearly imitated from that of a popular variety of wine-pot used in China several centuries earlier.

After the Battle of Waterloo a flood of sightseers and souvenir-hunters descended upon the Continent, and with the increasing demand for souvenirs, glass painters quickly produced a supply of small tumblers painted with views of towns and buildings or with romantic landscapes. An interesting group of glasses, mainly of this type, was acquired at the recent sale of the Viktor Schick collection and fills a noticeable gap in the museum series.

The works of Loxton Knight, R.B.A., are always well worth seeing when opportunity offers, and at the Brook Street Galleries a delightful collection of views of the English countryside and London by night are now on view. There is a restful, sun-tinged sweep to his downs and valleys and a welcome shade beneath his gently swaying trees. I. B.

ACQUISITIONS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: This silver-gilt teapot belongs to the earliest period of tea-drinking in England—the reign of Charles II. *On left*—A glass dating from 1812 and bearing a view of Dresden

THE TRIUMPH OF AMPHITRITE AND POSEIDON is depicted in elaborate detail on this silver tea-kettle which has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It bears the maker's mark of Charles Kandler, a German who entered his mark at Goldsmiths' Hall in 1727. It is at least 102 years old

# OSTERLEY PARK Is Opened to the Public

A MONUMENT OF ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TASTE: A rear view of Osterley House, Lord Jersey's magnificent residence near Isleworth, Middlesex, which he has opened to the public on certain days of the week and which was the scene of a notable gathering last week when Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, conducted the inaugural ceremony. In its beautiful park setting Osterley must surely rank high among the showplaces of this country for the very completeness of its period style. It is one of Robert Adam's finest buildings and its construction, begun in 1761, took twenty years. Since 1804 it has been in the possession of the Jersey family

A LAST LOOK ROUND: Lord and Lady Jersey seen in the grounds before the park was opened to the public. "I have opened Osterley," said Lord Jersey, "as I do not live in it and there must be so many who want to see the place." Lady Jersey was formerly the film actress, Virginia Cherrill

THE STABLES AT OSTERLEY are one of the very few features that do not belong to the eighteenth century. They are Elizabethan and were built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the great banker, who lived in an earlier house on the Osterley estate

THE ETRUSCAN ROOM AND THE LIBRARY are both outstanding examples of eighteenth-century embellishment at Osterley. Other features are the Wedgwood hall and the Boucher tapestry room

THE DRAWING ROOM has many fine pictures on its walls. The British school is particularly well represented and includes the heads of Robert Child and his wife, painted by Romney for 20 guineas apiece, and Reynolds' portrait of Sarah Child, the Gretna Green bride of Lord Westmorland

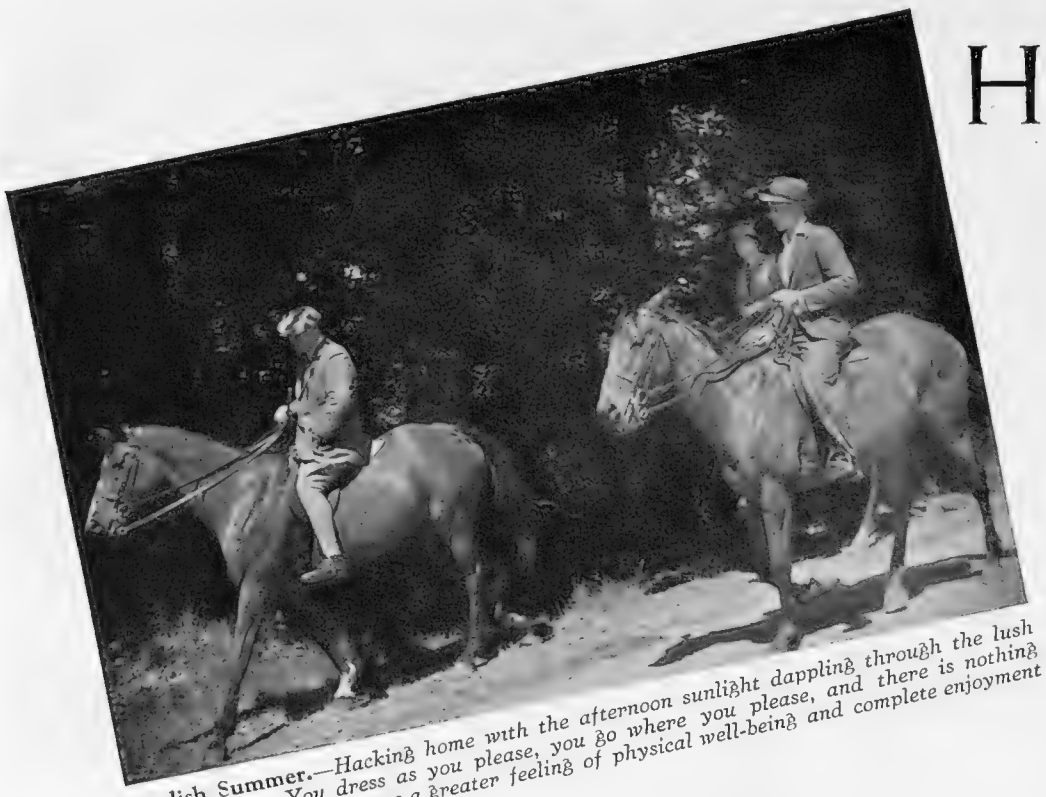
£300 WILL BE SPENT ON RESTORING THIS OLD TOWER which is at present a hen roost, but once formed part of a fourteenth-century castle. It is situated at Bishopsworth, Bristol, an area where there has lately sprung up a large estate of council houses

FOR THE NATION: This old smithy on the village green at Chiddingfold, Surrey, has been accepted as a gift by the Ancient Buildings Trust and steps are being taken to see that it is kept in repair

THE OLD WINDMILL AT WEST BLATCHINGTON is now undergoing repairs under the auspices of Hove Council which has obtained a detailed report on the extent of the dilapidations from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Built in 1724, it is an hexagonal smock mill, and a most unusual feature is that it is set on top of some barns instead of resting upon the usual small and generally round brick base. The mill is widely supposed to have been the haunt of smugglers in earlier days

## TOWER, FORGE, AND MILL
### Saved Both from Time's and Vandal Hands

# HOLIDAY CLASSICS



**English Summer.**—*Hacking home with the afternoon sunlight dappling through the lush green leaves. You dress as you please, you go where you please, and there is nothing in the world that promotes a greater feeling of physical well-being and complete enjoyment*

**COUNTRY CACHET.**—Co-ordination is the thing. It is the reason why some women always seem to have the right things to wear without ever having to fuss or bother. It is more potent than money, more lasting than beauty.

To be chic in the country you have got to be carefree. Your clothes must look casual even though you have most painstakingly planned them down to the last tiny detail. Let your summer mainstay be a chalk-striped flannel suit, with a pair of matching slacks. That sets you up for travelling, for walking, for lounging. Add a full length light-weight fleece coat to wear over your suit and with tennis dresses. Lots of tailored cotton shirts, a few sweaters, a couple of pleated skirts with one tailored silk jacket, as many head-scarves as you like, and you will be all right.

Pack several house coats for cocktail time and early-morning visits, and be sure to include one very full evening skirt that you can wear with long-sleeved cashmere sweaters.

**THIS YEAR'S BEACHES.**—White is the big thing this summer. You can pep it up with a few widely-spaced and well-chosen stripes if you like, but you will wear white if you really want to be in the fashionable swim.

There are just about three things on which you should spend your money without counting the cost. On the first two depends the whole enjoyment of your holiday, and the third sets the standard for your general appearance. First of all comes shoes. Wear simple little cotton beach dresses. You can get away with them whether you buy them for a few shillings or make them at home. *If* you lift them right out of the ordinary rut by wearing shoes that are original and good. Platform soles are the things, especially when they have sandal tops.

Give real care and attention to the choice of your sun-glasses, for they will save you many a headache and many a wrinkle. The newest, white-framed, blue-glassed, enormous spectacles are surprisingly flattering, and if you do not like white frames they have some charming pastel-tinted ones.

Never try to economise on slacks. It is absolutely fatal, even if you have a figure that would put Venus to shame. If you have not, try dungarees instead of trousers and shirts. They give a longer line to the body, without a break at the waist, and they are grand because they can be worn without any blouse for sun-bathing, or with one if the day is chill. Alternatively, invest in one of the many tailored linen or silk slacks that have matching shirt blouses, and are worn with a wide sash at the waist. Boleros look debonair and have the added advantage of minimising too generous curves.

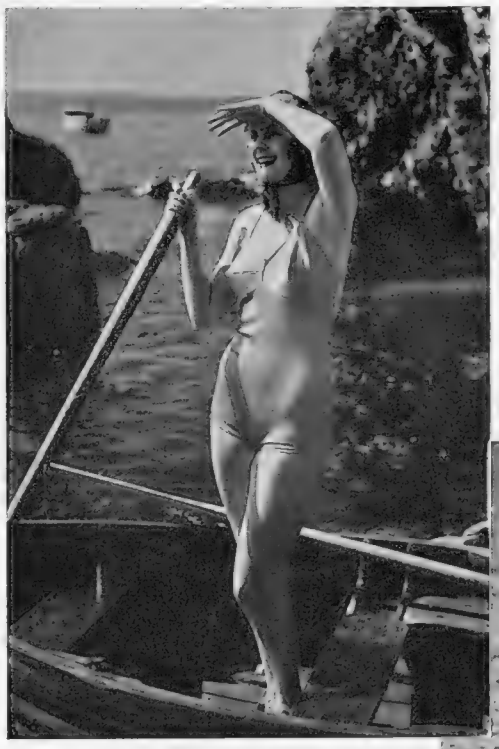
**NON-STOP VARIETY.**—You will have to be ingenious about your evening clothes, unless luggage is no object. And few people travel that way these days. Luckily fashion is in an accommodating mood. Gipsy dresses are gay and bright for holiday wear, and they usually provide opportunities for variations on the one main theme. Basically you need a taffeta slip, over which you wear a full tulle dinner dress, the blouse part elaborately gauged and frilled. That is one outfit. When you want to dance or to make a special impression, add a brilliantly printed taffeta overskirt which simply ties at the waist. A second taffeta skirt, plain but vivid, provides another variation.

The blouse-and-skirt vogue is easy. Take along one sensationally full skirt of heavy crêpe or fine wool, and add a striped blouse, another of embroidered muslin, a third of gauged tulle, and a fourth of heavy lace.

Star-spangled tulles and chiffon smothered with silver confetti spots are popular for dinner dresses, and cotton dance dresses are tremendously smart.

**TRAVEL TRICKS.**—Everybody has some sort of suitcases and trunks, but this summer make up your mind to buy three essential pieces. A shoe-case, which takes care of the shoes that otherwise always get so much in the way and cause so many land-slides among one's best frocks. A really well-equipped beauty box that you can carry with you, and so emerge at the end of the most trying journey looking like royalty. And a big pig-skin hold-all. They have emerged from their long eclipse, and all the best people have them now!

Too many women let luggage complicate their life instead of simplifying it, and a visit to any of the stores or luggage specialists is very well worth while. Each season newer and more ingenious pieces are designed, and one should make a point of seeing them.



**Sun and Sea.**—*Blue skies reflected in a bluer sea, and all the fascinating pursuits of the seashore to make the days fly by. Bathing, boating, fishing, just lying around in the sun—no wonder holidays are always too short*

**SUMMER BEAUTY.**—Generally speaking, the less you do to your face on a holiday the better it will be. Always assuming that you protect your skin against sun and wind.

Use no heavy creams. Instead rely almost entirely on a cleansing milk, using a light cream once or twice a week or every other day. Only by experimenting can you tell how much cream your skin needs during hot weather.

Unless you are yachting or motoring, or your skin is abnormally sensitive, do not use a foundation cream during this time. Powder your face while it is still moist after having used the cleansing milk and a toning lotion. Or better still, use no powder at all while you are out of doors. If you use a bright lipstick you will find that you do not miss other cosmetics.

Make up your mind beforehand whether you want to brown or not to brown. There are preparations which will give you an entirely satisfactory artificial browness and at the same time prevent any sunburning, or there are others which will protect your skin but allow you to brown naturally. In any case, take a darker shade of powder than you generally use, and pack a tube of bronze cream so that you can disguise the white rings that sun-glasses leave around your eyes.

And if I can give you any information about holiday clothes or help to solve any of your beauty problems, please write to me.

Olive Caley-Smith

# WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

A Page of Personal Interest

SIX OF A KIND: These are the four daughters and two sons of Don Octavio Senoret, the new Chilean Ambassador to London, who have just arrived in this country

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY was at Ranelagh this year and Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis held court in the Tyrolean garden. *Below*—Diana Wynyard at the party. She is shortly to make a British film

IN THE PRAM PARADE: Pretty little Princess Cecilia Weikersheim, twenty-months-old daughter of Austrian Prince and Princess Weikersheim, seen as she enjoyed her daily outing in Hyde Park

THE PAINTER PEER: Lord Methuen engaged on one of the paintings he is exhibiting in his one-man show in Bond Street. He is including about fifty works in the show, most of them depicting old corners of Bath and Rouen, two cities in which he is particularly interested. (*See* page 496)

WHEN WRITING PAYS: Clare Boothe, authoress of *The Women*, arrived in England for a holiday last week and attended a performance of her play which has already netted her over £70,000. Her second play, *Kiss The Boys Good-bye*, has made her another £30,000 in America. She is now engaged on a third

A STRONGHOLD OF DANISH NATIONAL COSTUME: A woman of the island of Fano, on the west coast of Jutland, pictured outside the inn in the little town of Sonderbo. In summer Fano is a popular bathing resort, numerous tourists coming from the mainland

IN THE VALLEY OF THE VINEYARDS: A boatload of barrels being taken down the Douro to Oporto, where the wine is stored until ready for export to England. The boats are fitted with curious rudders of a kind particularly suited to navigation in these rather difficult waters

THE CROWNING GLORY OF LE PUY, town of the Haute Loire, is the rock-perched church of St. Michel. Le Puy has been famed for centuries for the manufacture of lace

The Sphere Travel Bureau

# COASTS TO EXPLORE:

## From Aberystwyth to the Lleyn Peninsula and in Northumberland There Is Travel Ground of Unusual Appeal

THE CAMBRIAN COAST.—Having seen something of both sides of the homeland in the past few days there are two parts I want to commend to you. The first is the Cambrian Coast from Aberystwyth round to the Lleyn peninsula of Caernarvonshire, shaped like Cornwall and bearing more resemblance to it than mere geographical formation. Along that sweep of Cardigan Bay are a score or two of places where if you want tranquillity you will find it, and they are equally good as starting points if you want to be on the move and explore the heights and valleys which build up the inland panorama.

From dignified Aberystwyth, for instance, you can soon reach the rugged grandeur of Devil's Bridge, and you must not go beyond Barmouth—the estuary is surely one of the loveliest pictures in these islands—without going up to Dolgelly, the Wnion valley and Cader Idris.

Although left behind by the sea and the tide of history, Harlech remains one of the finest legacies in stone of a turbulent past. From its battlements you look down on one of the best golf courses in Wales; peace indeed, at least I hope so.

Then moving on to the line of resorts which fringe Tremadoc Bay you can toss a coin for the choice of centre without going wrong. Pwllheli is the capital of this peninsula which preserves an old-world charm. Aberdaron lies at the end of the tongue of land, and two miles out at sea is Bardsey Island, the Welsh Iona. In fair weather it is easily reached.

**Northumbria.**—The other district takes us up to the border county on the east coast, Northumberland; travel ground which deserves to be better known. Not only is there a variety of resorts between the Tyne and the Tweed, from Whitley Bay, full of life, to quaint and quiet little spots, but there are many historic places along the coast.

Bamburg Castle is unique, and lying some miles off are the Farne Islands, scene of Grace Darling's exploit. Holy Island (Lindisfarne), which has the remains of a pre-Conquest priory, is a peaceful sanctuary reached on foot across the sands when the tide is low.

There is lovely scenery at the foot of the Cheviots and wonderful panoramas from the summits, which run up to 2,676 ft. Wooler in Glendale, famous for its mysterious rock "sculptures," is the recognised centre, but you should also explore Coquetdale from Rothbury and the valley of the Aln—Alnwick Castle, home of the Percys, ranks with Arundel. Bellingham, near where the Tyne and Reed meet, is another good centre. Then there are the charming Allendales to the south of the Tyne, and to me one of the most fascinating features of this part of the country is Hadrian's Wall, whose 70 miles I cannot hope to put into a paragraph.

**Peiping.**—It is a far cry from the Tyne to the Yangtse, but there is travel news from the Far East. Perhaps you have an idea that it is no place for peaceful travellers, but Cooks who have to be well informed in these matters give a very different account of it. One of their correspondents went back to Peiping recently after twenty months and was surprised to find how normal things were.

For the present it is not possible to visit the Great Wall and Ming Tombs, but a glimpse of the former may be obtained at Shanhaikuan where the train halts for half an hour on the way to Mukden.

Social life in Peiping continues as before and it is still a delightful city with its historical background reflected in the temples, walls, parks, and buildings. The work of restoration on palaces and temples begun a few years ago goes on and no doubt the city will again become a great centre for tourists. An immediate inducement is the fact that the £ is worth about 30s. in Peiping.

**Vichy.**—Quite a lot of travellers taking a cure have been making for Vichy in recent weeks. They like the "intime" atmosphere about the place before visitors have started to arrive in large numbers. The Park of the Springs under the great rose-coloured blossoms of the fine chestnut trees between the pump-houses and the Grand Casino is then at its best.

Sport is a very big feature of life at Vichy. The spring racing meeting reaches its closing stages next week and the summer meeting follows with eleven days between the beginning of July to the middle of August, the best known event being the Grand Prix de la Ville Vichy on August 6. In July there will be a golf week and an international dog show, and in August a big golf festival.

**Pompeii.**—The flood-lighting of once buried Pompeii will be inaugurated next Saturday (June 24) in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont. Most travellers would put Pompeii high in the list of Italian sights and its interest will undoubtedly be intensified by this lighting. You may be sure that the Italian experts will do the job properly, in fact they have been experimenting for some time.

Their scheme is to produce a series of coloured pictures and vivid effects and introduce here and there among the ruins figures representing men and women wearing the Roman garb of twenty centuries ago to give a final touch of realism. A concert of classical music will be given in the great theatre which seats 5,000 people. No tour of Italy is complete without Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii and, of course, Capri.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.*

**Paris.**—The cheapest hotels we know near the Madeleine all charge from 50 to 100 francs per day for rooms and pension plus taxes. There is no reason at all why you should not travel because you do not speak French; you will have no difficulty in finding people who speak English. In our opinion the travel agencies offer prices on which you can hardly hope to improve travelling alone.

**Dingle.**—It is not difficult to get off the beaten track in Ireland. Quiet centres are Dunfanaghy and Malinmore, lovely places in County Donegal, so is Inch in County Kerry, with a four-mile stretch of golden sand. Dingle is another charming place but rather better known. It is a hill-encircled haven used mostly by a picturesque fishing fleet. You can fish in several small streams and lakes, all of which hold brown trout and a few of them some salmon and sea trout. They are mostly free.

**Kerfany les Pins.**—This resort in the Quimper district is hardly known to English people. It has a fine sandy beach, very safe and well-sheltered on the edge of a splendid pine forest cut through with avenues. The neighbourhood is full of interest and you can get some good walks. The Hotel de la Mer has sixty rooms all with running water, and the en pension terms are about 50 francs per day. This coast of Brittany is less frequented by tourists than the St. Malo side. Quite the best service to Brittany is from Southampton to St. Malo, and there are good train services from the latter port to all parts.

**Athens.**—The climate is delightful from October to December. The Mistra is an inexpensive and quite pleasant little hotel, but serves only light meals. That, however, leaves you free to eat at the restaurants along the coast some twenty minutes from Athens. In Athens itself there is a very good inexpensive restaurant, much patronised by the English community, called Costi, and the Angleterre in Stadium Street also serves good food. There is a good tennis club in Athens and a golf course on the coast about half an hour from Athens. As an alternative to Athens we suggest Corfu, a very charming place.

**Hungary.**—You need not be afraid of heat, the weather from the end of May to the end of September is usually very pleasant indeed. Budapest Spa is most attractive. The Jagerhorn, charging about £1 a day en pension, and the Nemzeti Hotel National, at about 14s. a day, are quite good. Do not fail to visit Lake Balaton, known as the Hungarian Sea. The southern shore is dotted with excellent bathing resorts with fine stretches of sand, while the northern shore, even more picturesque, possesses climatic health resorts set amid green and wooded hills.

Beverley Brooke

### AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

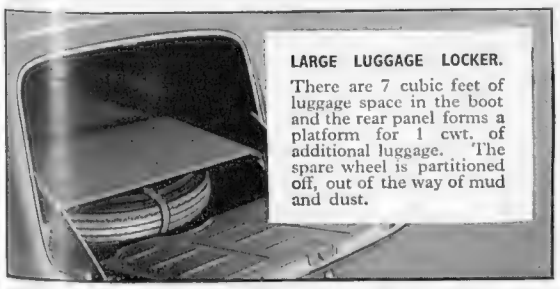
The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

# *After the sensational '8' comes the still more sensational '10'*

# *the new* AUSTIN

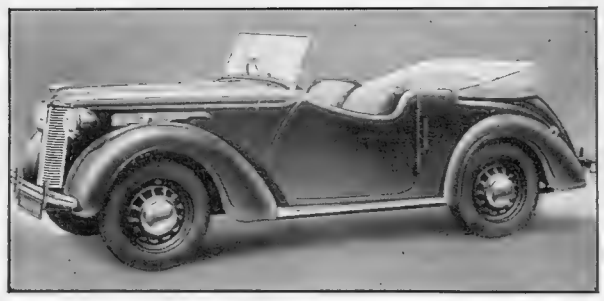
**MODERN ELEGANCE—EXCITING PERFORMANCE—GENEROUS ROOM IMPROVED ROAD COMFORT AND SAFETY—SPEED—ECONOMY**

Enter the second motoring thrill of 1939—the new Austin '10'. First came the Austin '8'—and what a reception! Now the '10' carrying on the good work of giving you more for your money. Brilliant, modern styling. Luxurious comfort and gala performance—brisk, lively, full of "go". At your nearest Austin Dealer's—where the crowd is.



**LARGE LUGGAGE LOCKER.** There are 7 cubic feet of luggage space in the boot and the rear panel forms a platform for 1 cwt. of additional luggage. The spare wheel is partitioned off, out of the way of mud and dust.

**SPACIOUS INTERIOR.** Look at the wide doors which make for easy entrance, and the big sit-back-and-enjoy-yourself seats. The back seat is particularly wide and comfortable and there is ample head-room and leg-room even with the front seats well back. The shoulder-high backs of the front seats are hinged to tilt forward and are on runners for instant adjustment. The screen, side and rear windows are all of toughened safety glass.



**THE OPEN FOUR-SEATER.** The clean-cut lines of this smart model will make an instant appeal to all who like an open car. The special construction of body and chassis—a feature of all the new 'Ten' models—saves weight and so adds to the lively performance of the car.

## INTERESTING FEATURES

*1,125 c.c. engine with high-compression aluminium cylinder-head developing 32 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. Special camshaft and large barrel-type tappets for silent operation. Anodised aluminium-alloy pistons. Down-draught carburetter, with air-silencer, fed from 6-gallon tank. Thermostat for rapid warming up. Automatic advance and retard with supplementary vacuum control to give the best timing at all speeds. Air-cooled dynamo with compensated voltage control and 12-volt battery. Pressed steel floor. Special method of body-mounting forms rigid box-section, resulting in a light chassis of remarkable strength, which increases road holding. Four-speed gearbox with synchromesh changes on 2nd, 3rd and top. Borg and Beck clutch with spring-drive. Full Girling brakes. Flexible-spoke steering wheel. Dual electric windscreen wipers. Sound-insulated steel-panelled body. Long flat springs of low periodicity anchored with silent-bloc bushes. Special jack operated from bumper brackets. Luvax piston-type shock absorbers. Extra-low pressure tyres.*

## PRICES

*(at works)*

| | |
|---|---|
| OPEN FOUR-SEATER | £175 |
| FIXED-HEAD SALOON | £175 |
| SLIDING-HEAD SALOON | £185 |

See these models at Austin's London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1.

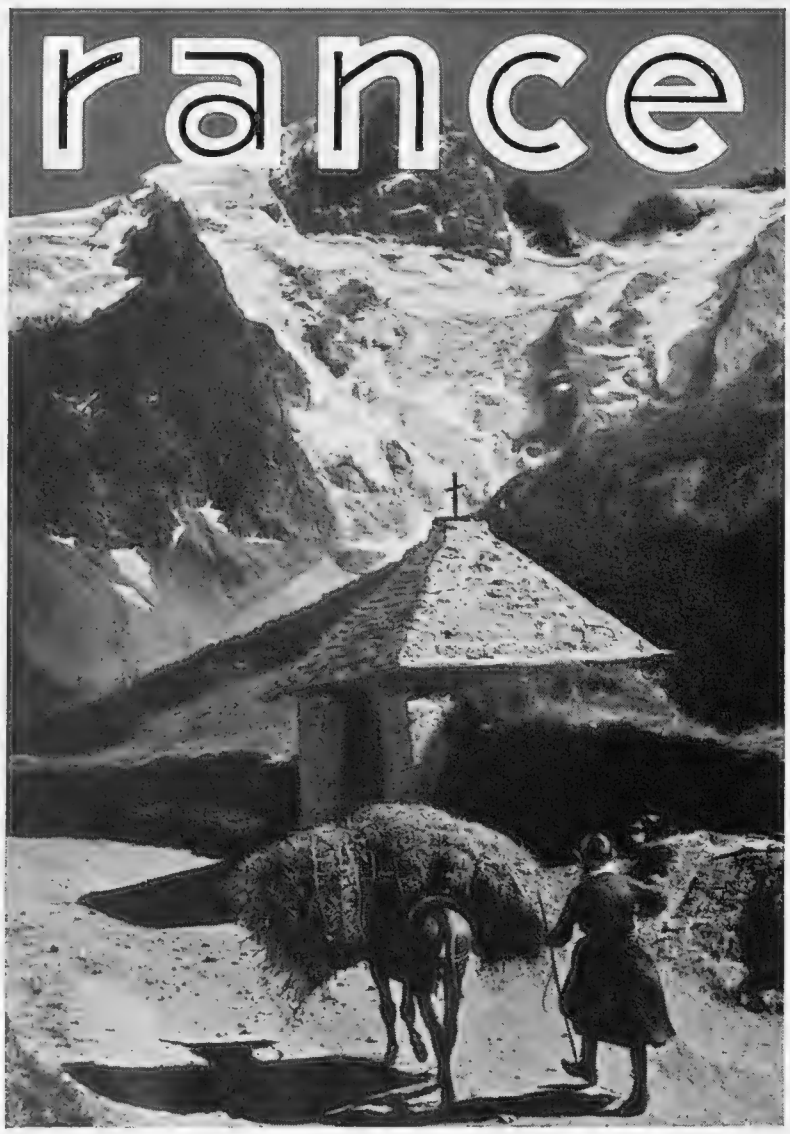
*Read the Austin Magazine, 4d every month.*

# INVEST IN AN AUSTIN—THE CAREFREE CAR

3.G.79

# For fun and sun

# France



For a friendly welcome wherever you go

For scenery that you simply can't write home about

For food that's so deliciously different

For the best holiday under the sun

For the active and the lazy the quiet and the gay

Where so much costs so little.

## MOUNTAINS OF FRANCE

VOSGES · JURA · ALPS · PYRENEES · AUVERGNE

## 40% REDUCTION

in Railway fares with the "Tourist Travel Card" and many other concessions including free rail transport of cars, under certain conditions.

## PETROL REDUCTION

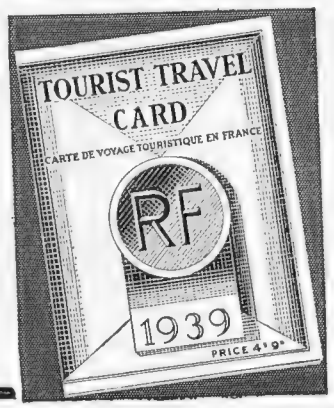
of about 3d. a gallon for motorists (maximum allowance 132 gals.) under certain conditions.

● **"H" HOTELS** in four categories with officially approved prices in all districts to suit all pockets.

● **YOUR INTERESTS SAFEGUARDED** by the Official Claims Dept., 27 quai d'Orsay, Paris.

● **FREE LITERATURE** and all information from FRENCH RAILWAYS—NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, the S.R. CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or ANY TRAVEL AGENT.

*and don't forget PARIS— the ever gay the ever new*




CVS—52


# CONTINUATIONS

## FRANCE WANTS WAR HORSES (Continued from page 478)

A visit to the stables is a thrilling affair, score upon score of lovely animals, arabs and half-arabs predominating, and now and then a name that London, Paris, and many another capital has applauded. Thus, the current champion, Needle, and Saumur's darling, Taine. At seventeen, Taine was just off to America, dictators permitting. Incidentally, the Cadre Noir's newest triumph was before Hitler, in Berlin, this spring.

These world-famed riding masters and instructors, who still festively wear the sheathing white trousers, black cutaway coats, and tricornes of *Epopée* days, teach under eight main heads. *Hippologie* (science of the horse), Horsemanship, Military Art, Topography, Transient Fortifications, Law and Administration, Fencing, Carbine and Revolver.

"In order to instruct in *hippologie*," I was told, "a man must have absorbed the science of the horse: gentleness, perseverance, reflection, audacity, self-control, prudence. These experts are aware that a good jumper whose rider fears obstacles soon ceases to jump well, that to punish a blundering animal is to commit a new blunder, most mistakes emanating from the horseman. For this reason, every day comes a spell of exacting practice in the saddle and gymnasium. It is no easy matter to give an animal confidence, to maintain at once a calm and an inflexible authority. Putting science first and art afterwards, officer-instructors do not cease to perfect the technique which preoccupies them."

Colonel Lesage, head riding-master, was away on mission trying to secure a maximum display for the annual War Horse Show that falls each July at Saumur, yet in his absence I was able to obtain information indicating that the need for horses in the French Army was a far more pressing affair than my officer friend in Paris had led me to believe. Put briefly, the position is as follows:—

An infantry division of 1939 requires, over all, more horses than did a division of 1914 that had no motor power at all.

In the past twenty-five years the number of brood mares for the army has been allowed to decrease by 75 per cent.

You cannot mass-produce horses at will as can be done with armoured vehicles. Therefore, it has been decided that breeding must be subsidised, and horsemanship as a sport must be encouraged among the civilian population so that many more private buyers may emerge.

The end of each academic year at "the cradle of the cavalry" is marked by the tournament which covers four days on the vast exercise ground to the delight of a multitude in which military and civilian enthusiasts and their ladies from all parts of France mingle with the locals and with the equivalent of "County."

Captain Bizard remains the star turn, despite the opposition of such novelties as horseball and *hippomoto*, the last of which I leave to your imagination.

High spots of the tournament:—

Seventy-two officers, uniformed a century and a third back, figuring in the quadrilles. Thirty-two jumping the same obstacle side by side.

The "wild event," when officers tear all over the place, picking out jumps as if on impulse. Racing in pursuit of mannequins propped up on horses that jump and race and dodge almost as if a human were in control. The assailing of dummies, at full gallop, successively with lance, sabre, and revolver. The concluding fantasia of the riding-masters of the Black Cadre, that terminates in a score of beasts magnificently reared in salute of the box of honour.

## RE-BIRTH OF THE IRISH CATTLE TRADE (Continued from page 483)

contrivance. Punching the hole and fixing the tag is a less disconcerting process than boring the lobe of the ear for ear-rings.

As soon as she is settled down in her new quarters every dairy cow is milked, whether she is anxious about it or not. There are sick and convalescent wards; a maternity ward, which was in possession of a heifer with her first-born, and, of course, that isolated spot where the infection suspect or occasional serious casualty finds a painless end.

Due to the fame of the Irish hunter, there is traffic between Newmarket and Irish studs, both ways, with appropriate loose-box accommodation at the respective ports, where the hour of departure is dependent on weather conditions. Under an army contract with the Swiss Government, Irish horses are shipped via Fishguard to Folkestone, thence to Boulogne, where they entrain for Switzerland.

The trade is fairly brisk at this time of year, but the peak period is about the end of August, when stock is bought over in good time to be fattened for the Christmas market. In summer the place of livestock is largely taken by general agricultural produce similar to our trade with Denmark.

The 1938 Trade Agreement with Eire completely removed the duties, varying from £1 to £6 per live head according to age and description, and lesser duties on live sheep, pigs, etc. that were imposed by the special I.F.S. Duties Act in 1932, but the result at the time was that the Irish farmer turned his attention from stock raising to dairy produce, and it will be a little time yet before natural increase makes up the lost leeway and imports on the hoof approximate to the returns for 1930, which may be given as an example of what may be expected in the near future.

The imports in that year were: Horses, 1,819; Cattle, 47,092; Yearlings, 34,436; Calves, 41,335; Sheep, 6,215; Pigs, 144,513. Total, 275,410.

## IS THIS SHAKESPEARE'S WRITING? (Continued from page 492)

signatures, there was not the least reason for doubting that they were all written by William Shakespeare of Stratford, the author of the plays.

A close study of Maunde Thompson's arguments led to the conviction that, allowing for all the limitations of his material, he had established a high degree of probability that the script of the three pages could have developed into the writing which the six signatures represented. This was strengthened into something very near to certainty by the evidence of Professor Dover Wilson that the misprints and odd spellings in the good quartos of the plays printed from Shakespeare's manuscripts corresponded to the peculiar letter forms and letter combinations of the script of the three pages and to their often eccentric orthography.

Professor Chambers contended that the movement of the thought and the sequence of the imagery bore the evident marks of the mind of Shakespeare and of no other dramatist of the time.

These different approaches all converged on the same conclusion, and he, at any rate, felt compelled to the belief that, provisionally if they would, pending a complete demonstration, we might accept the contention that in these three pages we had before us the actual writing of Shakespeare.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society is in urgent need of funds to help them carry on the great work of constantly caring for 1,165 poor boys and girls. These poor children are being maintained and trained to become good and useful men and women of our great Empire. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged. Legacies are earnestly solicited.

# ROLLS-ROYCE

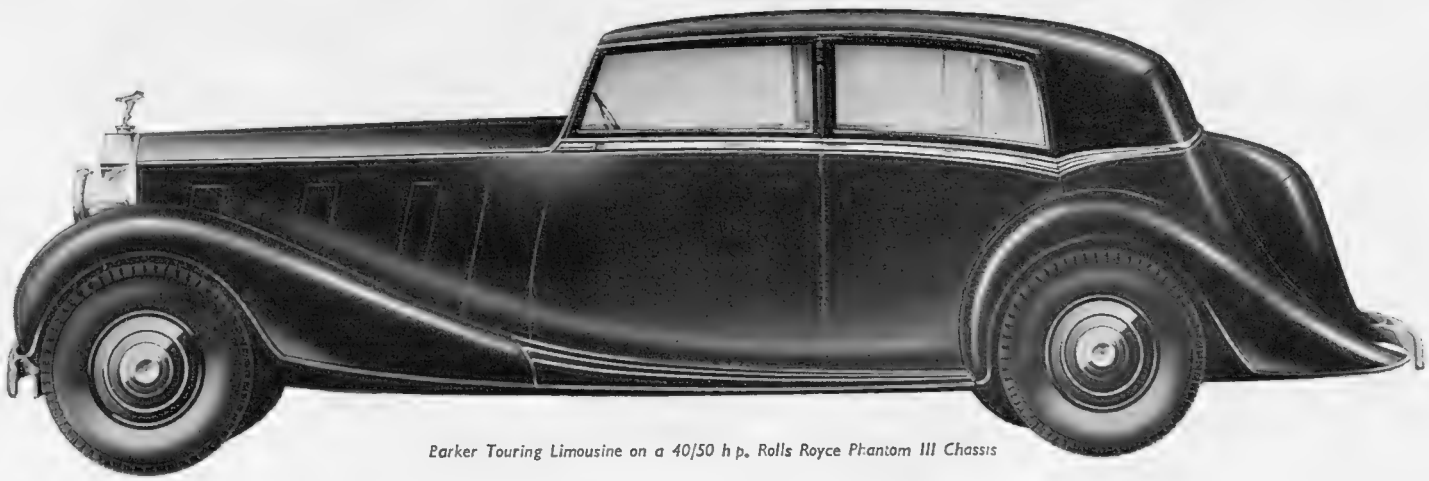
*The Best Car in the World*

Phantom III

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE WORLD'S BEST



*Barker Touring Limousine on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls Royce Phantom III Chassis*

## FOR 229 YEARS

the highest praise of Coachwork has been expressed in the phrase

*"By Barker"*

BARKER COACHWORK

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD., 66 SOUTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1 *Grosvenor 2421*

"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

GERMANY

Marvels of road engineering have opened the impregnable bastions of the Alps to one and all.

There is the Germany of bustle and business, Hamburg with its forest of masts, Berlin with its tall offices and crowded streets: Munich, Vienna, Cologne, Frankfurt and many more where the tide of life flows fast and strong.

There is artistic Germany which finds exquisite expression at the great music Festivals of Bayreuth and Salzburg, on the walls of the Zwinger in Dresden and upon a thousand stages in as many townships, spas, coast resorts and centres of industry.

Sporting Germany races its bloodstock at Munich, its cars at the Nürburgring, its yachts at Kiel. It has provided stadia, tennis courts, golf courses and watersports wherever you go.

And the Germany of Snow White, of the Minnesingers, the home of elves and gnomes, knights and barons, romantic Germany, will remain so long as her old castles dream in the sun above the silver Rhine.

Visitors from Britain are heartily welcomed at all times. They will find that friendliness and the sincere desire to help are characteristics common to every German they meet.

**60% REDUCTION IN RAIL FARES**

**40% to 50% SAVING BY PURCHASE OF TRAVEL MARKS**

*Full information and literature from :—*

GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU

**19 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. and 140 WEST GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2. OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY**

THE PETROL WORLD

# SPEED GOES UP WEIGHT GOES DOWN

## The Little Car of To-day Can Equal the Speed of the Giant of Yesterday

**By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.**

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

IN 1927, twelve years ago, the late Sir Henry Segrave captured the world's land speed record at a speed of 203·79 m.p.h. It was then looked upon as a mighty achievement and I can well remember that everyone, including those connected with motoring sport, were duly impressed. The car was a gigantic affair, powered with engines developing h.p. in thousands. The other day Major A. T. G. Gardner tore over the earth in an M.G. at a speed of 204 m.p.h. The size of the engine on this occasion was the same as that fitted to the ordinary 12 h.p. British car. I do not think that any other record is more praiseworthy than this one just registered by Major Gardner.

First of all, it must be quite a tricky job holding this tiny M.G. which can only weigh a fraction of the weight of either Captain Eyston's *Thunderbolt* or John Cobb's Railton. The surface of the German road which was used for the record must be outstandingly smooth, but even so I think we can, with all sincerity, congratulate the driver for steering the car at the fantastic speeds which were obtained. Credit must also be given to the designers and the engineers responsible for producing the car.

To-day, we are looking forward to August when Mr. John Cobb takes his Railton car out to the Utah salt beds for an attempt to better the existing world's land speed record which stands at 357·3 m.p.h. I should not be surprised if in five or six years time a car no bigger than Major Gardner's M.G. will have attained a speed equal to the existing record, but in the meantime it seems that to attain speeds in the neighbourhood of 400 m.p.h. on land a very heavy and powerful car must be built.

I expect there are thousands of people who can see no useful purpose in these attempts at speed records just in the same way that people persuade themselves that all motor competitions in which speed is the factor are completely useless except

"WHETHER THE WEATHER BE FINE OR NOT": The Hillman Minx is deservedly one of the most popular 10-h.p. cars, and the coupé model here illustrated is much favoured by those motorists who desire a car that is suitable for all kinds of weather conditions. The roof can be opened with ease either fully or to a mid-way position

as a form of amusement for the participants. Strange to relate, the great majority of the motor trade itself is only just lukewarm in regard to its attitude towards motor racing. In fact, I am perhaps being a little too optimistic when I say lukewarm because the temperature is only just a little above freezing point. It is, therefore, nice to realise that Lord Nuffield himself has taken a personal interest in Major Gardner's attempt and has given every facility to the M.G. works to produce the car.

There is, of course, a difference between producing cars for records which are really races against the clock than producing cars for ordinary motor racing, but in actual fact both forms of speed competition do definitely assist in the development of motor car design. In Major Gardner's particular case the record has done even more than that because it was accomplished in Germany. Rightly or wrongly the German Government consider that motor racing if successful definitely enhances their country's prestige in foreign countries. The M.G.'s magnificent performances right in the middle of the German camp will undoubtedly tend to make them realise that the British nation is not so decadent as they are led to believe.

The other day one of our great daily national newspapers published a leading article pleading for Government assistance to produce a team of British racing cars which could participate in events held in foreign countries. The views expressed coincide with my own, but the only chance of a Government ever allocating any of the tax-payer's money for such a purpose would be for a demand to come from the motor trade's own organisation, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Until this body has been converted to the view that successful participation by British cars in foreign races is good for the British motor trade it is pure waste of time for anyone to try to obtain a subsidy from the Government to build special racing cars.

I read in one of the journals devoted to motor boating a week or so ago that it is not considered a very clever policy when desiring to moor up on a jetty to rush the cruiser alongside at speed and then to push over the reverse lever so as to bring the ship to a standstill. I quite agree with the sentiments expressed and I expect that people who endeavour to moor up in this manner are of the same type one finds on the roads driving their cars on the brakes. I frequently see drivers rushing up to a corner or out of a side road and then pulling up with a jerk and a shudder with the brakes full on. This is not clever driving and apart from the wear and tear which the car must suffer as the result of this continuous ill-treatment other road users are apt to become alarmed and as a result of their nervousness may be involved in an accident. Sometimes, I must confess, brakes have to be put on fairly suddenly because something unexpected happens. In such instances, of course, the brakes must be utilised to their full to avoid a collision with some other object.

Some of these hard brakers have to stand on their brake pedal frequently because they are of a type which cannot anticipate what is going to happen until something has happened. The remainder use their brakes as I have mentioned either because they think it is good driving or will impress their passengers. Perhaps they will not believe me when I tell them that it is perfectly possible on many journeys through London and other large cities to drive without using the brakes at all. Obviously by

*(Continued on page 508)*

# Beauty on tap

At every age lovely hands and a clear, fresh skin are the basis of womanly loveliness. But oh the fortunes lavished on expensive beauty treatments, when every woman can have beauty from every tap in her home, by installing Permutit. Permutit-softened water cleanses the complexion gently but surely, and helps to keep the skin soft, smooth and healthy. An average family can have Permutit-softened water from every tap for 15 Guineas, or from 15/9d a month. And there are portable Permutits from 4 Guineas. Why not visit our showrooms, or send a card for, "She sent Slaves forth" to Permutit, Dept. S.3, 151, Regent St., W.1. Tele. Reg. 2972.

**PERMUTIT**

*softened water*



# Baden-Baden

**Among all the watering places of Germany, Baden-Baden is the most international in character, beautifully situated**

## in the Black Forest

**Renowned English speaking specialists for treatment of rheumatism, gout, arthritis, neuralgia, sciatica and affections of the respiratory organs**

---

**Magnificent motor roads and highways • International Contemporary-Music-Festivals • International Horse-Races (last week in August) as part of the Grand Week with its international tennis-, golf-, dance- and bridge-tournaments**

*** 18 hole golf-Course, miniature golf links, swimming pool, riding, hunting, walking (conducted tours)**

*Casino: Roulette-Baccara-Klondyke*

For information apply to Bäder- und Kurverwaltung, Baden-Baden, Augustaplatz 1, or the German Railways Information Office, London SW 1, Regent Street, and all important Travel Agencies

*this neckband never shrinks*

It's a special Van Heusen neckband—one good reason why the semi-stiff collars sit pretty with no bones, tabs or buttons. And Vantella Shirts have other advantages—Van Heusen curve-woven, semi-stiff cuffs — three sleeve lengths to every size—Van Heusen comfort-with-smartness collars. Only 9/6 in zephyr, 10/9 in poplin-de-luxe, and 1/3 each for the Van Heusen collars-to-match.

**'VANTELLA' SHIRTS** MADE TO MATCH
*Regd.*

**'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS**
*Regd.*

*Van Heusen neckbands, semi-stiff collars & cuffs made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ld., London*

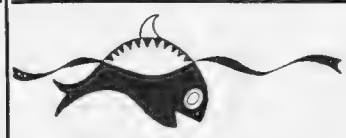
APPLY FOR PATTERN BOOK TO COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, E.C.2

## "When I'm a Man" . . .

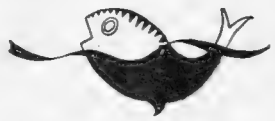
"I'm going to send my Mummy to the seaside for a L-O-N-G holiday, because she hasn't had one for years and years—and she works so hard."

"Mummy" can have the joy of a holiday *now*—and return to her home in the slums a new woman—if only you will help. It costs £5 to give two weeks at the sea to a Mother and her 3 children. Please send a gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

**CHURCH ARMY**
**FRESH AIR HOMES**


THE SWIFTEST
SEA ROUTE TO
SWEDEN
IS
SWEDISH LLOYD


*May we send you our illustrated brochure giving full particulars? THE BRITISH & NORTHERN SHIPPING AGENCY LTD., 5 Marlow House, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.3. Phone: Royal 3161 or any leading Travel Bureau.*



# AUSTRALIA

TRAVEL BY
**THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS**
of the
**ORIENT LINE,**
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
**SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS**
to
**RIVIERA, ITALY, EGYPT.**
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

*The Peace of the Country is Nowhere Exemplified better than at*

**LIMPLEY STOKE HOTEL**

**Near BATH (5 miles)**

*in England's loveliest valley. The hotel has a long tradition of good living, but is thoroughly up-to-date in lighting, heating and plumbing; terms from 4 gns. weekly.*
Telephone: Limpley Stoke 4

PINE-SCENTED AIR—quiet gardens and the peace of the country. Golf on a sporting moorland course. All-weather tennis. London within reach. Real comfort, real cooking . . . and real rest. Lift and Central Heating in every bedroom and bathroom.
Proprietor: MR. G. EGLINGTON ADAMS.

**THE CREST HOTEL**

**CROWBOROUGH** **SUSSEX**

*Fully licensed.* *WRITE FOR TARIFF.* *Tel. 394*

***The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .***

People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards.

*Details and Brochure from J. J. HERITIER,*

**CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL.**

**LYTHAM ST. ANNES**

QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

**HARROGATE**

*The*
**GRAND**
*Phone 4631*

FINEST POSITION
Close to Royal Baths
Facing
Valley Gardens
FROM 18/- DAILY INCLUSIVE

**Have You Ever?**

ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME EARLY IN SUMMER TO

**THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY**

*Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment.* *Telephone: Newquay 2211*

***Peace . . . and Perfection***

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. A. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

**HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY**

*A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free.* *Telephone: Torquay 2161.*

*The Hotel of Comfort*

**LINCOMBE HALL** known as The Garden Hotel of **TORQUAY**

Our visitors suggest we add another slogan—"The Hotel of Comfort"—because of its restful appointments. Here you will appreciate not only the comforts of a well-appointed hotel, but the efforts of a really good chef.

Many rooms with private bath

**Inclusive from 4 gns.** *Descriptive brochure with pleasure.*

# In Quest of

## Two Country Clubs of Contentment at Rossley Manor

AS I have probably said before, that 42-mile stretch of "trunk" road which connects Oxford with Cheltenham is fast but uneventful. Most people cruise through Witney, of blanket fame, quite oblivious of the fact that if they would only turn off left to the town itself they would discover one of the finest specimens of those market crosses which are such a characteristic of the Cotswold country.

It is by turning off here and there that one soon discovers that the "gems" are lying at one's very feet. Minster Lovell, but half a mile off the road, with its famous Swan Inn, its cruciform church and its ancient monument, is but one of these—and I might never have discovered this but for a flat tyre!

Yet even such precious Cotswold stones as this are so lauded by guide books and exploited by motor coach proprietors that there are times when their peacefulness must be sorely disturbed. So, to be assured of enjoying them without invasion, seek them in their solitude—in the early summer, the autumn, or even in the winter.

But 1½ miles beyond Andoversford, and but 3½ miles from Cheltenham, there lies, nestling on the hillside, a typical old stone Cotswold manor house, where no such spoliation can ever arise at any time of the year—so long as Mr. Cecil Coxwell-Rogers, its owner, is able to control its destinies.

I find it exceedingly difficult to write about Rossley Manor and Country Club without indulging in those superlatives which are so misused by hotels in their literature. I ought to be able to express all by saying "Here is a country gentleman's home, run as a country club, by a country gentleman."

If you were to be asked to stay at a country house, you would, without question, expect all those finer points of comfort that will never be found *in toto* in all our hotels, however well-run they are. At Rossley Manor you are made to feel a most welcome guest from the moment you arrive. You quickly sense the charm of the surroundings, the character of the furniture and furnishings. There is a courteous staff, trained to the finger-tips, and a most blessed feeling of contentment.

Here life is good indeed. Pass through the wicket gate at the back, and you can walk or ride for miles and hardly encounter a road. There are numberless sheltered nooks in these colourful English gardens for deck-chairs and dreams. A swimming pool, squash court, tennis lawns and a deck tennis pitch invite one to exert oneself. If you hunt, there is stabling and a veritable sequence of meets. Fishing can be had close by, and with Cheltenham not so far away there is always some social event on the tapis.

I have made no mention of the catering, for here I am well content, as

**WICKHAM COURT HOTEL**

**WEST WICKHAM, KENT**

*'Phone: Springpark 2000*

*Half an hour from City and West End.*

**MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.**

*Illustrated brochure free on request.*

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Swimming, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free

**FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,430 yds.).**

***Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.***

*YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER*

for Shakespeare's country and the Cotswolds than

**THE WILLIAM AND MARY**

**HOTEL DE LUXE STRATFORD-ON-AVON**

The terms **(from 4 to 6 gns.)** are as lenient as the hotel is luxurious. An unusual brochure of hotel and district will gladly be sent on application to H. M. Stevenson. Telephone: 2575

Terms in the annexe, 3½ gns.

*June is the Month*

for a perfect summer holiday. Come down early to this peaceful spot. Private Golf Course in the Hotel grounds. Acres of glorious garden. Perfect quiet, yet perfect accessibility to Plymouth and the sea.

**ELFORDLEIGH (COUNTRY HOUSE) HOTEL**

**PLYMPTON, S. DEVON**

*Now under entirely new personal direction. New decorations and extensive new furnishings. Perfect service and well-cooked English food. Illustrated Brochure. Terms 3½ to 5½ gns.*

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence at any time of the year. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

**THE SPA HOTEL** ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

*Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."*
*Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911*

# Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

## Note in the Cotswolds : Good Fare at Shuthonger

I am in a friend's house, to accept anything the butler puts before me. One thing I know is that, on leaving, I am in for a spell of disappointments, because to find such a standard of excellence elsewhere will take a great deal of time, patience, and petrol.

Non-members can stay or have meals at Rossley Manor but, of course, cannot get drinks; so the wise plan is to apply to Mr. Coxwell-Rogers, prior to one's arrival, for election as a temporary member.

It was at Rossley Manor that I heard of yet another country club. Two miles north of Tewkesbury on that A38 road which so many motorists from the north and the midlands frequent, there is a fine Queen Anne house with the tongue-twisting name of Shuthonger Manor. If you have difficulty in remembering it, as I do, pronounce the name "Shuthunger," and when you have been there you will admit that this pronunciation is very appropriate!

Shuthunger (I beg its pardon—Shuthonger) Manor was opened in 1937 by two ladies who realised the need for a really worth-while halting place hereabouts, and at the same time a need for a good-class country club. Both flourish, and it is good food which is the basis of their success—though at the same time these two naval officers' wives are adepts at maintaining an atmosphere of cheerfulness.

Here, at Shuthonger, is a convivial cocktail bar which one always leaves with considerable reluctance. There is a cheerful lounge where you will rarely find the wood and peat fire sulking, a garden gay with flowers, and upstairs, bedrooms resplendent with quilted bedspreads and curtains. As yet they have no hot and cold water in the bedrooms, because it is only recently that this Queen Anne mansion has been promoted to the dignity of main water.

But somehow this seems a small matter at Shuthonger where there is so much manna from Heaven. Of course, if you are not a member you cannot frequent the bar. There are two alternatives. You can either write to the secretary in advance, asking to be made a temporary member; or if time does not permit of this, so long as you arrive in licensed hours you can send out to the "local"—and take it from me that their "runner" would win a marathon race anywhere fully loaded! "A good spot is Shuthonger"—that, I think, will be your verdict.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor,* THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

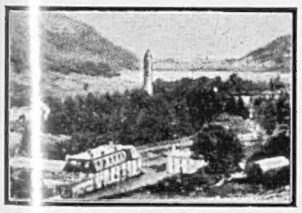

SEEING SCENERY afloat, afoot or awheel is an inevitable pleasure for those staying at Falmouth. Be you a yachtsman, motorist, or a humble rambler among the glories of the Cornish coast, you, your wife and your family will realise a Summer holiday ideal at . . .

**GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH**

A.A. Own Private Pier. R.A.C. Craft of all kinds for hire. Magnificent New Sun Lounge.

*Write to S. Taylor for details.* *Telephone: Falmouth 440-1*

**ROYAL HOTEL, GLENDALOUGH**



**Co. WICKLOW**

A.A. R.I.A.C.

For scenic grandeur Glendalough is the Artist's and Tourist's paradise. For the Sportsman, Mountain Climbing, Lake and River Fishing. For the Motorist a Centre for Excursions.

**GRAND HOTEL, GREYSTONES**

**Co. WICKLOW**

A.A., R.I.A.C. TEL. GREYSTONES 11

A delightful spot for a holiday. Magnificently situated on the sea front, the Hotel has its own Bathing Cove and Tennis Courts.
H. & C. water all rooms. Private Suites.
TWO EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSES

**NORTHERN IRELAND IS GRAND FOR GOLF**

Northern Ireland is famous for Golf as well as scenery. The leading Hotels are:—
**MIDLAND STATION HOTEL, BELFAST.** Belfast's foremost Hotel. Ideal centre for Northern Ireland. **NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL, PORTRUSH.** Close to Royal Portrush Golf Club. Indoor Seawater Swimming Pool.
*Write for Hotels Tariff Booklet to:—The Manager, LMS—NCC Railway, Dept. T., York Rd., Belfast.*
**THREE ROUTES BY LMS VIA HEYSHAM, STRANRAER AND LIVERPOOL.**

**BEAUTIFUL ST. BRELADES . . .**

above all in Summer was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.

**ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL** JERSEY

*An hour and a half by air from London*

## SCOTLAND

**EDINBURGH** THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

*Telephone 31295* *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

**AVIEMORE HOTEL**

STRATHSPEY - - - - INVERNESS-SHIRE

Overlooking the Rothiemurchus Pine Forest

Hot and Cold Water in every Bedroom. Central Heating.
*Leading hotel in the north—with privileges of a country house yet freedom of a well-run hotel.*
Private 9-Hole Golf Course. Special Terms during Early Season. IAN JACK, *Manager.*

**THE NEW CARLTON HOTEL**
NORTH BRIDGE
**EDINBURGH**

A luxury hotel at ordinary hotel prices
100 rooms each with private bathroom and bedside telephone
Room with bathroom and breakfast from 12/6
Silver Grill Orchestra

*Telephone: Edinburgh 32811* *Telegrams: Bestotel, Edinburgh*

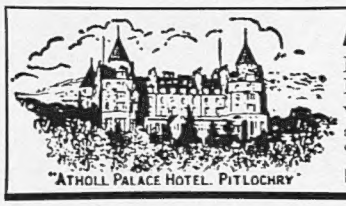
*The Gateway to Good Golf . . .*

**LUNDIN LINKS HOTEL**
FIFE

Lundin Links are at our door and some of the world's finest courses, including St. Andrews, are our near neighbours. For full details of this first-class sporting hotel write to A. Muriset, Proprietor, or telephone Lundin Links 7.

**PERTHSHIRE—CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON**

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude, 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf, 15 mins.; 9-hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.
*Illustrated Brochure with pleasure.* *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.



"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

**ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL**

Highland hospitality at its height in a first class Hotel. 46 acres of private pleasure grounds with provision for Golf, Tennis, Swimming and "idling." Dancing nightly. Programme "Highland Occasions of 1939" on application.
**PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND**

**MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE,** EAST LOTHIAN

Under entirely new management. A comfortable and homely hotel which is first-class in every detail, with all modern conveniences including hot and cold water in all bedrooms and central heating. Situated in the heart of the land of golf with nine golf courses to choose from. The best and safest sea bathing in Scotland. Renowned for sunshine and low rainfall. Cocktail Bar, Riding, Tennis. Personal supervision. Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone: Gullane 106*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. HOTEL

*NORTH BERWICK*

*The* **MARINE HOTEL**

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course. 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Scotland's most famous beauty spots. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Many private suites. Garage in grounds. Illustrated Tariff on application. Manager, W. A. THIEM. *Telephone 366.*

**AMULREE HOTEL**

**SMA' GLEN. PERTHSHIRE**

Midst the heather hills of the Sma' Glen. Here is—wonderful scenery, peacefulness, and a cuisine above the average. Fishing attached to the hotel. And there are fish!
A perfect centre for the walker and the motorist.
Proprietor: Thomson Matheson Telephone: Amulree 5

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
**CREAGDHU HOTEL**
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
E., F., FEARNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.

**FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY**
On the main Glasgow–Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.
*Tel.: ONICH 38*

## THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 504)

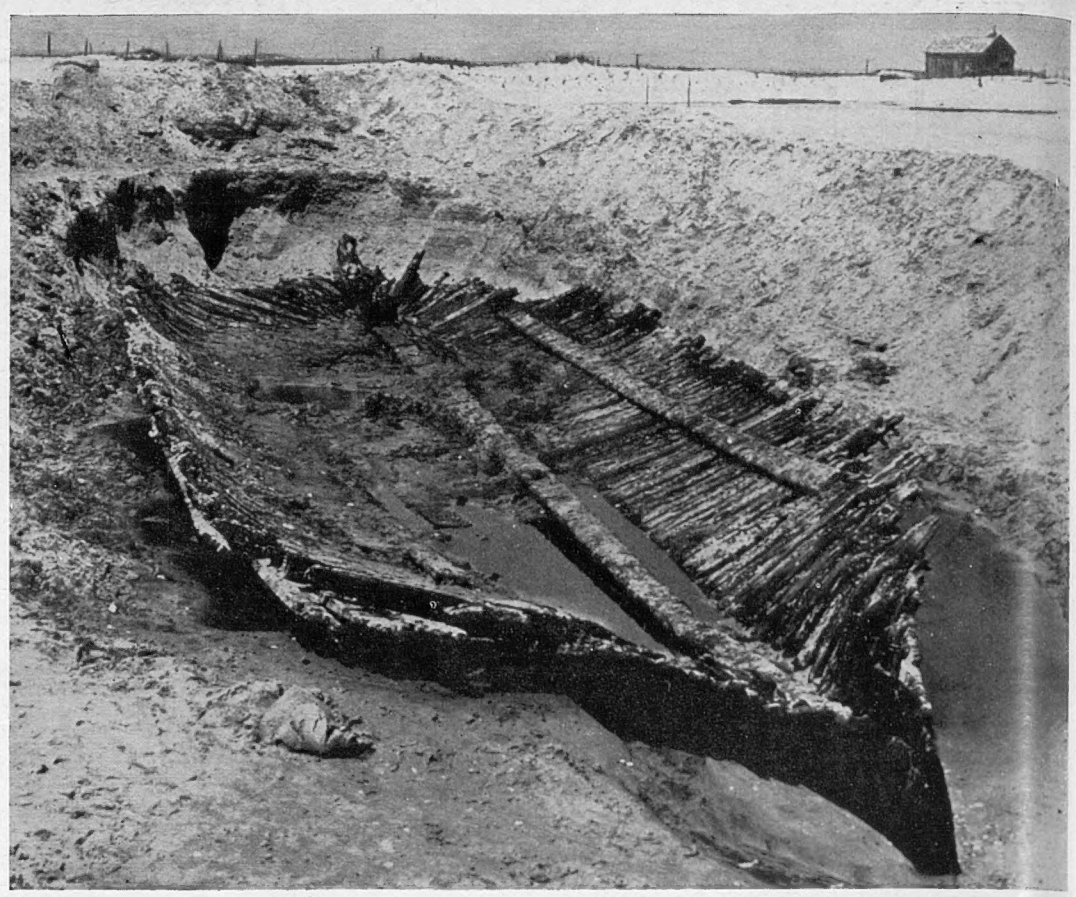
not applying the brakes there is less wear and tear on the car and the occupants have a much more pleasant drive. I would suggest that when time is not pressing an experiment of this nature should be made. As a general rule, drivers should never do anything suddenly on the road.

At long last the de-control signs on the Chertsey by-pass have now been erected. It has taken the authorities concerned nearly two months to tell drivers on this road that it is de-restricted.

On the North Circular Road where it passes through the Welsh Harp district there is a stretch of about a mile which, for some hidden reason, has a 30 m.p.h. speed limit imposed on it. Along the whole of this stretch the road has dual carriageways, banked corners and the buildings adjoining which consist of dwelling houses and factories do not appear to be any denser than anywhere else on this important thoroughfare. I hope that our motoring organisations, the A.A., and the R.A.C., will get busy and start to agitate for the removal of this speed limit.

There seems to have been quite an epidemic of valuable articles and documents being stolen from parked cars. I suppose it is foolish to leave anything valuable in a car unattended, but circumstances do occasionally arise which make any other course, to say the least, inconvenient. The owner then has to decide whether he will lock up the car or not. Except in the really well-organised car park a locked car can be a confounded nuisance, not only to those in charge of the car parks but also to other drivers whose cars may be immediately in front or behind the locked vehicle. In case of fire, too, a locked-up vehicle stands little chance of being pushed or driven clear.

Further, I find that sometimes I imagine I have locked the doors of my car only to find on my return that one or more are capable of being opened in the ordinary way. I think, therefore, that locks on cars could well be re-designed to make their operation more certain and less troublesome. Anyway, if I had important documents with me when I was parking I would either remove them or I would hide them inside the car and not leave them exposed on a seat.



WHERE WAS SHE BUILT? WHEN WAS SHE BUILT? AND WHO BUILT HER? are the questions historians are asking regarding this ancient hulk which was recently revealed on the shore at Manteo, North Carolina, through the action of a strong north-east wind. The vessel is fastened together with wooden pegs and bronze spikes. Its measurements and certain details check with those of a warship of the time of Raleigh


# VENICE

MUNICIPAL CASINO

Open all the year round

THEATRE AND CABARET SHOWS
FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

AT THE GIUSTINIANI PALACE
**VERONESE EXHIBITION**
OPEN UNTIL NOVEMBER 4

**THE LIDO**
THE FINEST BATHING BEACH IN THE WORLD

**FESTIVALS** on the **GRAND CANAL**
FEAST OF THE REDEEMER, JULY 16
FEAST OF THE MADONNA DELLA SALUTE, Nov. 1

**CAPRI**—THE ISLAND ONE NEVER FORGETS!
The Ideal Holiday Resort Sea Bathing Tennis Hotels of every grade open all the year
*For particulars and pamphlets "PRO CAPRI" Capri*
Particulars: **E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1,** and at all Travel Offices
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SPECIAL TOURIST RATE OF EXCHANGE

SPORTING PRINTS
The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.
*Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.*
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
Rendells
FAMOUS SINCE 1885
APPROVED BY DOCTORS

**GOOD TASTE** marks her choice in most things. With cigarettes her preference is 'cork-tipped', but for good taste she knows they must always be—
Player's
PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED · MEDIUM OR MILD · 10 for 6½D · 20 for 1/0½D
N.C.C.4860

**BUNIONS** RELIEVED REDUCED
Stop bunion pain with **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.** Relieves shoe pressure; reduces enlargement; hides bulge, preserves the shape of the shoe. Obtainable from Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. In Rights and Lefts. Price 2/- each

'MINICAMERAS'
LEICA, CONTAX, ROLLEICORD, ROLLEIFLEX, KORELLE, etc.
From **10/7** a month. Every make in stock and all accessories. Lists free. Easiest of monthly payments. Expert processing of miniature films. The Minicam and Cinecam Specialists W.1
*Mayfair 7511 (8 lines).*
WALLACE HEATON New Bond St. AND BRANCHES


PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*June* 17, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

# CONTINENTAL HOTELS

### BELGIUM

**Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

**Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.**—Finest Hotel facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

**Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.**—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

### FRANCE

**Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.**—Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

**Chamonix (Mt. Blanc).—Hotel Bellevue.**—Open all the year. Family hotel with all latest comfort. Large garden.

**Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

**Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.**—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

**Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.**—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

**Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel** near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

### GERMANY.

**Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel,** Family Hotel de Luxe.

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

**Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.-Gasteinerhof.**—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

**Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

**Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.**—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

**Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.**—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

**Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

**Bad Nauheim. Jeschke's Grand Hotel.** The home of the discriminating client.

**Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.**—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet situ., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

**Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. hotel. Unr. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

**Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.**—Ldg. htl. World-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

**Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof** —Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

**Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.**—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

**Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.**—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

**Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—Park Hotel. "Alpennof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

**Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.**—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

**Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.**—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

### GERMANY—*continued.*

**Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

**Munich.—The new Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

**Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental.** — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

**Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.**—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

**Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society Pens. fr. Marks 12.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

### POLAND.

**Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.**—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

### SWITZERLAND.

**Davos.—Palace Hotel.**—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

**Gstaad.—Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11

**Glion** (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

**Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

**Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.**—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

**Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.**—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr.13.

**Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.**—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

**Lausanne.—Victoria.**—First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

**Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.**—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

**Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.**—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

**Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.**—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

**Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel** —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices

**Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Hotel St. Gotthard-Terminus.**—Fam. htl., mdn. cmfts. Beaut. view. Ex. food. Lge. grdn. Gar. Mod. terms.

**Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).**—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

**Thun.—Hotel Victoria.—Baumgarten.**—Central position, large park. Golf. Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

**Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.**—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

# THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

*The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."*

### ENGLAND

**Aldeburgh.**—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
**Bath.**—The Empire.
**Bath.**—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
**Bath (Near).**—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
**Bath.**—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
**Bath.**—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
**Bexhill-on-Sea.**—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
**Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)**—Burgh Island Hotel.
**Blackpool.**—The Metropole.
**Blackpool.**—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
**Bognor Regis.**—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
**Boscastle (Corn.)**—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
**Bournemouth.**—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
**Bournemouth.**—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Hinton Firs Hotel.
**Bridport.**—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
**Brighton (Rottingdean).**—Tudor Close Hotel.
**Brighton (Saltdean).**—Ocean Hotel.
**Brighton.**—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
**Brixham.**—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
**Budleigh Salterton.**—Rosemullion Hotel.
**Bushey.**—Bushey Hall Hotel.
**Cambridge.**—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
**Chipping Campden.**—Cotswold House Hotel.
**Chislehurst.**—Heatherbank Hotel.
**Claeton-on-Sea.**—Grosvenor Court.
**Crassington.**—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
**Cromer.**—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
**Crowborough.**—The Crest Hotel.
**Dover.**—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
**Dulverton.**—Carnarvon Arms.
**Dulverton (Som.).**—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
**East Wittering.**—Shore Hotel.
**Exeter.**—Royal Clarence Hotel.
**Falmouth.**—Greenbank Hotel.
**Folkestone.**—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
**Folkestone.**—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
**Frinton.**—Grand Hotel.
**Goring-on-Thames.**—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
**Hailsham (Sussex).**—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
**Harrogate.**—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
**Harrogate.**—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
**Harrogate.**—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
**Harrogate.**—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
**Hastings.**—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
**Hove.**—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
**Leatherhead.**—The Red House Hotel.
**Lyme Regis.**—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
**Lynton.**—Lee Abbey Hotel.
**Lynton.**—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
**Lytham St. Annes.**—Clifton Arms Hotel.
**Malvern.**—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
**Manchester.**—Bowdon Hydro.
**Matlock.**—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
**Midhurst.**—Spread Eagle Hotel.
**Newquay.**—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
**Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).**—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
**Ockham.**—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
**Oxford.**—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
**Oxford.**—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
**Plympton.**—Elfordleigh Hotel.
**Polzeath (N. Cornwall).**—Dorrit Hotel.
**Ramsgate.**—The Granville.
**Salisbury.**—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
**Sanderstead (Surrey).**—Selsdon Park Hotel.
**Scarborough.**—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
**Sidmouth.**—The Torbay Hotel.
**Stow-on-the-Wold.**—Talbot Hotel.
**Stratford-on-Avon.**—The Arden Hotel.
**Stratford-on-Avon.**—The William & Mary.
**Taunton (Somerset).**—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
**Torquay.**—Grand Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Headland Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
**Torquay.**—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
**Torquay.**—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
**Torquay.**—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
**Torquay.**—Palm Court Hotel.
**Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).**—Waterbeach Hotel.
**Tunbridge Wells.**—The Spa Hotel.

### ENGLAND—*continued*

**Twyford (Berks.).**—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
**West Wickham (Kent).**—Wickham Court Hotel.
**Weymouth.**—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
**Worthing.**—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

### GREAT NORTH ROAD

*(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)*

**Catterick (229).**—Bridge House Hotel.
**Sutton-on-Trent (133½).**—Old England Hotel.

### ENGLISH LAKES

**Keswick.**—Queen's Hotel.
**Keswick.**—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
**Keswick.**—Royal Oak Hotel.

### LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

### SCOTLAND

**Aviemore.**—Aviemore Hotel.
**Braemar.**—Fife Arms Hotel.
**Callander.**—Dreadnought Hotel.
**Callander.**—Palace Hotel.
**Dunblane.**—Dunblane Hydro.
**Edinburgh.**—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
**Edinburgh.**—New Carlton Hotel.
**Fife.**—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
**Gairloch (Ross-shire).**—The Gairloch Hotel.
**Grantown-on-Spey.**—Grant Arms Hotel.
**Glen o' Dee (Banchory).**—Royal Deeside Hotel.
**Gullane.**—The Marine Hotel.
**North Berwick.**—Marine Hotel.
**Oban.**—Alexandra Hotel.
**Onich.**—Creagdhu Hotel.
**Peebles.**—Peebles Hydro.
**Perthshire.**—Amulree Hotel. Sma' Glen
**Perthshire.**—Castle Hotel. Glendevon.
**Perthshire.**—Trossachs Hotel. Loch Katrine.
**Perth.**—Station Hotel.
**Pitlochry.**—Atholl Palace Hotel.
**Pitlochry.**—Pitlochry Hydro.
**Rothesay.**—Glenburn Hotel.
**Skelmorlie.**—Skelmorlie Hydro.
**Stranraer.**—Auld King's Arms.
**Tomintoul (Banffshire).**—Richmond Arms Htl.
**Troon.**—Marine Hotel.
**Tweedsmuir.**—The Crook Inn.

### CHANNEL ISLANDS

**Jersey.**—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

### WALES

**Conway.**—Oakwood Park Hotel.
**Llandudno.**—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
**Tan-y-bwlch.**—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

### NORTHERN IRELAND

**Belfast.**—Grand Central Hotel.
**Belfast.**—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
**Portrush.**—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
**Rostrevor.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

### EIRE

**Bundoran (Co. Donegal).**—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
**Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).**—Ross's Hotel.
**Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).**—Royal Hotel.
**Greystones (Co. Wicklow).**—Grand Hotel.
**Greenore.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
**Kingstown (Co. Dublin).**—Royal Marine Hotel.
**Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).**—Rosapenna Hotel.


SWISS RIVIERA

TESSIN • SOUTHERN SWITZERLAND

Lovely lake and mountain scenery including the unrivalled shores of

LAKE LUGANO AND LAKE LOCARNO (LAGO MAGGIORE)

Wonderful excursions by Rails, Funiculars, Steamers and foot made easy and inexpensive with Regional Tickets. Good bathing, Golf, all Sports. Pleasant entertainments.

Information and prospectus from: Swiss Railway and State Travel Bureau, 11b Regent Street, London, S.W.1, and Enquiry Offices of Lugano and Locarno.

at an inclusive Rate ....

HARROGATE FOR HOLIDAYS

offers all the attractions of a High-class Resort amidst lovely scenery

Harrogate's "Inclusive Cure" Ticket provides Accommodation, Waters, Baths and Spa Treatments. In addition, a rota of Doctors attends at fixed fees.

Write now for full details of this new "All-In" Scheme and Holiday Brochure Free from C. Wilshere, Information Bureau, Harrogate. Or from any L.N.E.R. Agency.

HARROGATE

*The Nation's Spa*

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

Cheap Monthly Returns - Any Train - Any Day

# Superb Scotch

THE CLANSMAN

Dewar's

# "White Label"

*It never varies*


PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*June* 17, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.